PR9365.25.S6X 1925

a31187 003579370b

# of South African Verse

F. CAREY SLATER

PR9365.25.S6X 1925

a31187 0035793706

UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO

LIBRARY

CALL No.

PR
9365.25
S6x
1925

Slater, F.C.

The centenary book of South African verse

To. D.C. 4030

Xmas 1926.

[redacted]

with love from G.J.

Withdrawn
University of Waterloo

DATE DUE

XL AUG 9 1974 JUL 30 REC'D

XL AUG 12 1975 JUL 12 1975 REC'D

LIBRARY SEPT.73 1487-1

THE CENTENARY BOOK
OF
SOUTH AFRICAN VERSE

THE CENTENARY BOOK
OF
SOUTH AFRICAN VERSE
(1820 TO 1925)

Chosen and Arranged
By
FRANCIS CAREY SLATER

Property of the Library
University of Waterloo

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C. 4
NEW YORK, TORONTO
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS
1925

Made in Great Britain

TO

THE MASTER

SENATE AND SCHOLARS

OF

RHODES UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

GRAHAMSTOWN

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITOR

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/centenarybookofs0000fcsl

PREFACE

I

The anthology before us is confined to South African verse written in English. This limitation is not imposed because Afrikaans poetry is unworthy, for I have read verse by Dr. Liepoldt, Ex-President Reitz, Melt Brink and others that might fitly form part of a general anthology of South African poetry. But as it is hoped that the present volume will reach a larger public, I have reluctantly omitted Afrikaans verse, which, I imagine, would find few readers outside of South Africa. It is, however, interesting to note that several of the poems in this collection have been written by South Africans of Dutch descent.

In order to assess, with some degree of fairness, the true value of a collection of South African verse, such as the present, readers and critics should give some thought to the adverse conditions under which such work has been produced. The European population of South Africa—scattered over a vast area—is slightly over one million and a half. Less than one-half of this number represents persons of British extraction. South Africa has been inhabited by British settlers for only one hundred and five years; and many of these years have been so overshadowed by storm and strife and tribulation that the inhabitants of that unhappy country have enjoyed very few intervals of tranquillity wherein to recollect their emotions and cultivate the civilising art of poetry. Thus, while warring with savages, quarrelling with each other, reclaiming the desert, and wresting treasure from the unwilling earth,

South Africans have allowed the treasures of the mind to fust in them unused. It is scarcely surprising in the circumstances that, until recent years, education in South Africa was a luxury which only the children of the well-to-do might enjoy.

It should also be remembered that South Africa is not dowered with the wealth of historical association and romantic tradition that is inseparable from older civilisations. Much of the past of Britain in legend and tradition has been enshrined in her early alliterative epics and her incomparable ballads. Upon these brave indigenous plants were grafted, from time to time, choice shoots from the more cultivated soils of France and Italy. Imitation and experiment became almost synonymous with creative faculty, and Britain enjoyed a harmonious evolution from which she emerged a veritable garden of the Hesperides.

As the reading public of South Africa is very small, it naturally follows that professional writers cannot be supported there. Men who give the marrow of their days to law, teaching, mining, commerce, farming and other avocations can scarcely do themselves justice when they devote the dregs of their time to literature. The Muse, moreover, like the majority of her charming sex, is a jealous lady. Browning tells us :—

> ' Never the time and the place
> And the loved one altogether ! '

If this be true of the ' earthly ' Muse, how much more fitly may it be applied to the ' heavenly ' ? She, too, is uncertain, coy, and hard to please ; comes at the most awkward moments—when she is not wanted—and when you seek, she flies you !

Another local deterrent factor, also partly due to sparse population, is the paucity of sound criticism. South Africa has no good Reviews, and her leading

newspapers are so immersed in politics, commerce, and other such matters, that only occasionally can they spare space (and that is usually confined to back pages) for critical articles. The smaller papers are generally conducted by men who are not qualified to criticise literary work. But, notwithstanding the neglect with which their work has met, South Africa has enjoyed the services of several good critics of poetry. In this category may be mentioned Professor Purves—a pioneer in criticism—who initiated *The South African Bookman*. This excellent little Review, unhappily for us, died shortly after Professor Purves returned to Scotland. The late G. W. Cross—a man of great charm, who occasionally contributed to *The South African Bookman*—was likewise a nice critic of poetry. The late Professor Kent also did good service; and last, but in no wise least, may be mentioned Dr. John Clark—a man of great learning and a sound and subtle critic. Dr. Clark is at present engaged upon a 'Critical History of South African Poetry'—a work which should be of great value to students of our growing literature.

II

Having briefly summarised the salient difficulties under which South African poetry has been produced, it may be as well to indicate something of its accomplishment. It reflects, for instance, innumerable scenic effects hitherto unknown to English poetry. The pearl-grey and shell-pink mountains of the Cape Peninsula and its shimmering silver-trees; the desolation of the Karroo—its immense sun-washed spaces, flickering heat-waves, wonder-working mirages, gorgeous dawns and sunsets, and its vastness and silence; the grassy uplands, blue hills, and primeval forests of the Eastern Province; the gigantic turreted summits

of the Drakensberg ; the tropical glories of Natal ; the golden and green savannahs of Rhodesia ; the mine dumps of Johannesburg, and the blue mounds of Kimberley : all these are imaged in South African poetry.

South African poets have introduced much subject-matter that is new to English poetry : strange flora and fauna ; the native at work and at play ; farm life, camp life, life at the mission station and in the mine ; drought, murrain and locust ; the ox-waggon and the waggon-whip ; the British Pioneer and the Dutch Voortrekker. South African poets have also enriched the language by the adoption of many homely and expressive Afrikaans words and a few liquid and beautiful words from the Bantu languages.

Further, if South Africa has produced no great poet, she has inspired several who can scarcely be styled ' little.' Despite the difficulties under which they have laboured, her poets have produced some real poetry and a considerable body of good, vigorous verse. Almost all of it is out-of-door verse—open-air poetry. There is little evidence of midnight oil about it : much of it appears to have been written in the open air ; and, what is more, some of it can be read out of doors : I know no better test.

When visiting England, what most impresses the average overseas observer is Man and the works of his hands. The Country, beautiful and romantic though it be, is eclipsed by its swarming population, its cities, temples, towers, workshops, traffic, shipping, and so on. In South Africa, men and their works are insignificant in the vast background of the veld. There, a man may ride for hours—in some localities for days—without seeing a human habitation. In the circumstances it is not surprising that there are so many poems about the veld

in this collection. To South Africans this very disproportion will be considered a virtue, because the love of the veld is, with them, not only widespread but universal, penetrating their daily life in a manner that English readers can hardly realise.

In the course of conversation, some years ago, an English poet and critic remarked to me: 'We in England regard Dominion verse—especially Australian and South African verse—as devoid of literary merit. There is no sale for it here.' In reply to my inquiries the gentleman who made this somewhat sweeping statement admitted that he had read very little South African verse. Fortunately, the majority of English critics are more sporting and better read than my superior friend. Despite minor-poet-critics and mutual-admiration-cliques, one cannot but look with reverence and faith towards a country that has produced such critics as Coleridge and Hazlitt, Mr. Saintsbury and Mr. Bradley.

Sir Herbert Warren has lectured agreeably, from time to time, upon Dominion verse, and I am sure our Overseas poets are very grateful to him for the interest he has taken in their work. His article upon South African Poetry, contributed to the 'Cambridge History of English Literature,' met, however, with some criticism in the South African press. One statement in particular was freely commented upon. It is as follows:—

'Rudyard Kipling, in a sense the foremost English poet of South Africa, when asked what South African poetry there was besides his own, replied: "As to South African poetry there 's Pringle and Pringle, and after that one must hunt the local newspapers."'

Whilst in nowise agreeing with the learned Professor's estimate of Mr. Kipling as 'in any sense' the 'foremost English poet of South Africa,' I would also (in the light of the statement quoted above) gently

question Mr. Kipling's qualifications as a critic of South African poetry.

The main indictment brought against South African poetry by English critics is that it is too derivative in form. Apparently they look to new countries for new forms—for a new way of writing. Is this quite fair? New forms, it seems to me, are a product of ripe culture, and a new country is the last place in which to seek them. If the poets of new countries introduce new subject matter, and handle old forms in an individual and characteristic manner, is this not all that can reasonably be expected of them?

The new form—or formlessness—of much modern poetry is scarcely a sign of healthy development and strength. It betokens, rather, weakness and a lack of true originality. It is as though a man, in order to appear peculiar, walked upon his hands instead of his feet. This eccentric mode of progression might possibly enable him to make a minute study of the pavements and the pillar-boxes, but it eliminates the mountains and the stars.

III

I do not propose in this short article to deal with the history of South African poetry. It is fairly well known that Thomas Pringle, who emigrated to South Africa with the British Settlers of 1820, was the first poet to write upon South African themes. He has therefore been hailed as the 'Father of South African Poetry,' and a few details in connection with his life will be found in the notes at the end of this volume.

A word as to previous South African anthologies. In 1887 appeared 'The Poetry of South Africa,' edited by the Hon. A. Wilmot (afterwards Count Wilmot). This work consists of 276 pages, and contains 117 pieces of

verse. The bulk of Pringle's South African poems are reproduced in this book, and two poems by William Rodger Thomson—the first South African-born poet. Apart from the work of these two poets, and with the possible exception of two or three other poems, this volume is of very little value. But it should be remembered that the material at the disposal of the anthologist was comparatively small in those days.

The next South African anthology, 'A Treasury of South African Poetry and Verse,' edited by the late Edward Heath Crouch, appeared twenty years later (in 1907), and represents a great advance upon Count Wilmot's collection. This book consists of 278 pages, and contains 131 poems by 43 writers. A second and slightly enlarged edition appeared in the following year. Mr. Crouch also compiled two smaller anthologies, 'South African Sonnets' and 'Gold Dust from South African Poetry.' Though not a poet, Mr. Crouch was a devout lover of poetry, and great honour is due to his memory for the valuable work he has done upon behalf of South African poetry. Of the 216 poems in the present collection, about fifty are to be found in Mr. Crouch's various anthologies.

It was originally my intention to arrange the work of the various poets in chronological order. But owing to the modest reticence (not strictly confined to ladies) observed by many writers, I was finally obliged to adopt an alphabetical order of arrangement. Biographical and bibliographical notes and a glossary will be found at the end of this volume. For assistance in connection with the notes relative to the flora and fauna of South Africa, I am indebted to Professor Schonland of Rhodes University College, and Mr. John Hewitt of the Albany Museum, Grahamstown. I would also tender my grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. A. Vine Hall (Cape Town), Mr. F. E. Walrond

(Johannesburg), and the Rev. Arthur Shearly Cripps (Rhodesia) for their assistance in collecting material for this anthology.

The present collection, which represents the work of South African-born poets—and British-born poets who have been resident in South Africa for at least some years—is practically confined to lyrical poetry (which appears to afford the most suitable material for an anthology): narrative, historical, and war verse are almost entirely omitted. Special attention has been devoted in some cases to the individual choice of poets as regards their own work, but for the final selection I must accept full responsibility.

Finally, while generally following my own taste, I have endeavoured to make this anthology as comprehensive and representative as possible. Of course (as is always the case with anthologies of this nature), my selection will be criticised by many—not excluding the poets themselves. But, as worthier editors have not come forward, I have undertaken this very necessary work, and I shall feel amply repaid if my labours are the means of turning the attention of the reading public of South Africa to the neglected volumes from which this selection has been made.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editor is very grateful to the various authors (or their assigns) who have allowed their poems to be printed in this book. In a few cases he has failed to locate the authors, and trusts that, in such instances, the acknowledgments represented by footnotes will suffice.

He would also express his thanks to the following publishers :—to Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd., for Nos. 17 and 18 from 'A Ballad of Men,' by Mr. William Blane: to Messrs. J. C. Juta & Co., Ltd., for Nos. 23 and 25 from 'The Song of Table Bay,' by Mrs. B. M. Bromley: to Mr. B. H. Blackwell for Nos. 46 to 58 from 'Lyra Evangelistica' and No. 59 from 'Lake and War,' both by Mr. Arthur Shearly Cripps: to Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co. for Nos. 85 to 87 from 'Edmund Garrett: a Memoir,' by Sir E. T. Cook: to Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., for Nos. 92 and 93 from 'Songs Out of Exile,' by Mr. Cullen Gouldsbury: to Mr. B. H. Blackwell for Nos. 99 and 100 from 'Modern Poems,' by William Hamilton: to Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd., for Nos. 139 and 140 from 'Hamewith' and No. 141 from 'Country Places,' both by Dr. Charles Murray: to Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., for No. 174 by Olive Schreiner, from 'The Life of Olive Schreiner,' by Mr. Samuel Cron Cronwright-Schreiner: and to Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons for Nos. 184, 188, 189, and 190 from 'The Karroo,' Nos. 185, 186, and 192 from 'From Mimosa Land,' and Nos. 183, 187, and 191 from 'Settlers and Sunbirds,' by Francis Carey Slater.

Bibliographical details will be found in the notes at the end of this volume.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE vii

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS xv

TABLE OF CONTENTS xvi

ADAMSON, SIR JOHN ERNEST—

The Quivering Gum 1
The Heart of the Hills 2
The Moon's Trek 4
Green and Gold 4

ALDER, ALICE MABEL—

The Street of Peacocks 5
In a Thirsty Land 6
In a Florist's Window 7

ALLHUSEN, BEATRICE—

In the Desert 9

ANONYMOUS—

The Song of the Ox-Wagon 10

BELL, ALFRED HENRY HAYNES—

To Viola 11
Love at First Sight 12
To a Sea Conch 12
The Thrush 16

BERLEIN, E.—

Cape Town from Platte Klip 17
Rachel 17

BLAIR, GEORGE—

The Dying Kafir 18

BLANE, WILLIAM—

Cecil John Rhodes 19
Pioneer's Epitaph 21

PAGE

BOYD, MARY ROSALIE—

From 'The Veld' 21

BRIGHT, HENRY HEPBURN—

Painted Ladies 24

BROMLEY, BEATRICE MARIAN—

Trekkers 25
Lament of the Veld 26
Camp Fire 28
Chant of the Blue-Gums 28
Nachtmaal Eve 29

BRUCE, ROBERT MICHAEL—

Nomente 30

BYRON, MARY—

If Death were Good 30
Pastoral 31
The Little Son 32
Drought 32
The Cactus 33
The Hero-Boy in the Rain 34
Good-bye 35

CAMPBELL, ETHEL—

Sunrise: The Valley of a Thousand Hills . . 35

CAMPBELL, ROY—

Hialmar and the Aasvogel 36
The Theology of Bongwi 37
The Dark Champion 38

CLARK, JOHN—

The Mercy of the Lord 40
Hector to Astyanax 41
The Light of Other Days 41

COLE, MAUD WYNN—

The Bulbul 43
The Preference 43

COLVIN, IAN—

To His Readers 44
A Museum Idyll 45

PAGE

CRIPPS, ARTHUR SHEARLY—

The Way in Africa 52
In Deserto 53
Love Pagan 53
Winter Veld-Fires 54
All Saints' Day 54
Summer Rain-Songs 55
A Mashona Husbandman 56
Benediction 56
A Dead Chameleon 58
A Franciscan Prayer 58
Way-Song 59
To the Veld 59
A Refrain 60
Colour 60
Envoi 60

CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER, SAMUEL CRON—

A Song of the Wagon-Whip 61

DARLOW, DAVID JOHN—

Drought 63
From 'Khama' 63

DOWSLEY, NORAH LILIAN D'ALTERA—

Bait 65
Rain in the Night 66

'EUREKA'—

'A Pure Devotion' 66

EVANS, HUGH JOHN—

The Veld 67

FAIRBRIDGE, KINGSLEY—

Dawn 67
The Hunting of Shumba 68
Bongwi 69
Yellow Eyes 71
The Red Cloud 73
The Puff-Adder 74
Burial 75

PAGE

FALLAW, LANCE—

The Spirit of Hidden Places 75
A Cape Homestead 77
Dick King 79
Day and Night Up-Country 80
The Navigators 82
Simon Van der Stel 82
Two Homelands 84
Old St. Thomas' Churchyard, Durban 85

FLEMING, LEONARD—

The Wind at Dawn 86

FORD, EDWARD BAUNTON—

'Mother Most Dear' 87
Tiphaine La Fee 87

GARRETT, FYDELL EDMUND—

Inventory 88
The Last Trek 89
Inscriptions 91

GIBBON, PERCIVAL—

The Voorloopers 91
Mimosa 92
The Veld 93
Komani 95

GOULDSBURY, CULLEN—

The Pace of the Ox 96
The Shadow Girl 97

HALL, ARTHUR VINE—

Singsingetjie 98
In the Gardens 99
From 'Table Mountain' 100
The Brothers 100
From 'Round the Camp Fire' 101

HAMILTON, WILLIAM—

The Flower 102
The Song of an Exile 103

HOLLAND, MADELINE

Noontide 104
The Pioneer 106
Night in the Valley 107

PAGE

HUNTER, WILLIAM ELIJAH—

Death's Silence 108
Origen's Dream 108
Spring 111
As on a Hidden Voyage 111
Margaret 111
Aspiration 112

JACOBS, DAVID MORRISON—

From 'Veld' 113
Shall I Forget? 114

KETT, GEORGE—

Autumn Leaves 115
From 'The Spoilers' 115
From 'The Divine Tragedy' 116

KING, EDITH—

Veld Pans 117

KOLBE, FREDERICK CHARLES—

South Africa's Serenade to Poesy 118
'Out of the Strong Came Forth Sweetness' . . 119
Wonderland 120
To a Lady of My Own Age 120
A Rainbow at Victoria Falls 121

LEFEBVRE, DENYS—

Moonlight 121
Katrina 122
Oom Paul 123
Silhouette 123
Drought 124
The Voortrekker 124

LEWIS, ETHELREDA—

Asleep 125
The Return of Botha 126
Christmas Eve in the Karoo 126

LOMAX, JOHN—

They Held The Wood 127
Killed in Action 128

MACKAY, ALICE DACRE—

From 'Song of South Africa' 129

PAGE

MAGRAW, JOHN EDWARD—

Life Ideal 130

MASON, HUGH CHURCHILL—

'Sonnets of This Century' 131

METELERKAMP, SANNIE—

'My Lady of the South' 132

MUIR, DAPHNE—

A Perfect Night 133
Antaeus 133
The Dreamer 134

MURRAY, CHARLES—

The Alien 135
The Whistle 137
'The Glen is Mine' 139

NELSON, ROBERT ALEXANDER—

Sunrise on the Veld 141
The Rape of the Reef 141
The Grave in the Matopos 143

OULD, CHARLES—

Queen Anne 144
Voortrekkers 144
London, August 145
Green Waters 146
Red 146

PRICE, HERBERT—

The Rhebok 147
A Spring Morning 147
The Buffalo 149
A Bird Wooing 150
The Lion's Dream 151

PRINGLE, THOMAS—

Emigrant's Song 151
The Nameless Stream 152
Evening Rambles 153
To Sir Walter Scott 157
Afar in the Desert 158

PAGE

RUNCIE, JOHN—

A Pagan Hymn 161
The Bells of Allah 162
Stellenbosch 163

SAMPSON, HAROLD FEHRSEN—

The Willow 164
Drought 165
L'Inconnue 166
The Wind 166
The Seaside Grave 167

SAMPSON, VICTOR—

Life is Our Scene 167
Oedipus 168
To the Crimson-Breasted Sugar-Bird 168
The Last Wish 169
The New Spring 170
To an Orchid 170

SCHREINER, OLIVE—

'The Morning Sun is Shining' 171

SCULLY, WILLIAM CHARLES—

Good and Evil 172
Compass Berg 172
From 'The Bushman's Cave' 174
'O when the White and Ebon Notes' 175
'Nkongane 176
Truditur Dies Die 178
Namaqualand 178

SELWYN, WILLIAM—

The Mimosa 179

SLATER, FRANCIS CAREY—

To Butterflies 179
From 'The Karroo' 180
Kafir Songs 186
First Day in England 187
From 'Van Riebeek's Rose' 188
The Dark House 190
Manzi 192
Laments 194
To a Cape Canary 195
Hidden Paths 196

PAGE

SORDELL, LOUIS—

To a Kaffir Footpath 197

SPILHAUS, MARGARET WHITING—

The Rock Scorpion 198
Robin Chat 198

ST. LEGER, BEATRICE—

Joy 199

THOMSON, WILLIAM RODGER—

Cape of Good Hope 200

TUCKER, HERBERT—

Song Birth 201
An October Nightfall 202
Vox Clamantis 204
A Prayer for Rain 204

WALROND, FRANCIS ERNLEY—

Love and Art 207
Eve 207
Courage! 208
The Land-Call 208
Cosmos 210
Meintjes Kopje 211
Reality 211

WATERMEYER, FRANCIS—

Eventide at Muizenberg 212

WAY, WILLIAM ARCHER—

The Shangani Memorial 212
To the Fallen 213
From 'The Water of the Well of Bethlehem' . . 214
The Land of Dreams 217

WOOLLACOTT, CHARLES CLAYBROOK—

The Transport Wagon 218
The Abandoned Mine 219
The Camp-Fire 220

BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES . 221

GLOSSARY 232

A foutre for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR JOHN ERNEST ADAMSON

1

The Quivering Gum

I FEEL no airs,
But the slender gum of single stem
Is tremulous to the tips ;
I think it shares
Quivers of dead day's requiem,
The last breath from her lips.

Each upturned hand
Fingers the void for throbbing strings,
For pulsings of the eve ;
They understand
The silent song that the sunset sings,
Eve's toneless semibreve.

A troop in flight
Of homing birds seeks sanctuary ;
The fragile swaying hands
Pity their plight :
The crest is a cradling aviary
Of fluttering tired bands.

Now they are sped
Down a short trail of tuneless notes ;
The fingers derelict
Take up the thread
Of sunset's swaying song that floats
Soundless but benedict.

2 *The Heart of the Hills*

What for a heart is ribbed within the hills,
The rugged monuments of time and storm ?
Fire, strength, and fervour, for it feeds and fills
Such majesty of frame, such towering form ;
No puny temper carries such a front,
Lightning- and hurricane-proof, and all unmoved
When thunders seal the riven firmament ;
'Gainst crash and blaze and buffet tried and proved.

Tenderness too ; or the reluctant mists
Had fled ere this to hidden halls of day,
And the frail snow that flutters where it lists
Had not found there a hostel until May.
On whose bare stones the tender mosses sleep
He is unruffled as the deeper seas ;
From whose dry nooks the elusive aloes peep,
His is the harbour of the soul that flees.

And fortitude ; for vainly torrents press
The battle home against his battlement :
The reinforcements under monsoon stress
Surge, fall, and flee his adamant intent.
Strong suns may beat and night-born frosts may bind,
But his brave heart remains invincible ;
The wheeling years renew their feet to find
Him scarred and seared but crowned and dominant still.

Bounteous as God, of his own self he gives,
Earth of his earth, that the wide plains may bear
His opulence that plentifully lives
In unturned leagues, on lands loaned to the share.

On veld born of his gaunt and rutted flanks
He turns a flood of generating heat ;
He lures the rain-cloud that the waiting ranks
Of corn and vine may feel the life-blood beat.

Fidelity that standeth by her own,
And constancy that neither death nor life
Can shake : he keeps his silent watch alone.
The strong winds swiftly summoned to the strife
Bluster and pass ; the transient shadows flee ;
Morn, noon, and eve usurp the precedent place ;
He stays, the sentinel of eternity,
Flanking his vales : keeper of time and space.

And heart of grace ; or day-dawn would not seek
His hoary crests with such young bloom to dress,
Magnanimous the heart beneath the peak
Where morning lavishes her loveliness.
High-day would not heap on her focussed fires
Save in warm gratitude for his good will ;
Eve would not linger on his softened spires,
Did she not know the heart within the hill.

A heart to home to, else within his holds
Leopard and eagle would not bask and nest ;
Snows would not feed the fountains he enfolds,
The young copse would not so securely rest.
The hill-folk know the hospitable height,
And carol to his silence ; the reply
Rings from his tops through the pellucid light
To the still shadows where the homesteads lie.

3 *The Moon's Trek*

Veiling her face with maiden grace
She leaves her lover, the sun ;
But shyly peeps when from the deeps
Stars twinkle one by one.
Riding high in the northern sky
In an anchorage of blue ;
On outstretched wing when vespers ring,
To keep her lover in view.

Rising serene in silver sheen
As he sinks red in the west ;
Queen of the night speeding his flight
In her bridal splendour dressed.
Faint and pale on the homeward trail,
Her course is nearly run ;
A last outspan in the morning's van
And her long lone trek is done.

4 *Green and Gold*

A western flood has filled the open alley
With the warm evening light ;
The dark green firs shut out the slumbering valley
And the grey kranz's height.
The wash of summer rains has soothed the grasses,
And every frond and leaf
Is radiant with a green that all surpasses
Description and belief.

A step it is into the glowing flood,
The yellow silent tide ;
And the green silence of the flanking wood
Another step aside.

A cricket and a single piping bird
Share the still scene with me ;
And yet their notes incessant have not stirred
The great tranquillity.

A presence holds this silent vestibule
Of living green and gold ;
The warm radiance and the coloured shadows
cool
Vitality enfold :
Strong silent life, a tide without a wave,
Moving the memory :
Wedding the peace of a cathedral nave
To pulsings of the sea.

Is this the key : spark of coincidence
Of place and man and hour ?
The presence is the child of circumstance,
Of ray, and leaf, and shower ?
I do not know, and do not stop to ask,
It is enough for me
That beauty's self should here and now unmask,
Unfold infinity.

ALICE MABEL ALDER

The Street of Peacocks

Down the blue chasm of the street,
Where the tall sightless houses stood
With walls of ice, in solitude—
Its blue-green shadows, cold and sweet—
The vision of the peacocks came,
A murmuring river : in God's name
Some old lost bells remembered time :
And to the dreaming of that chime,

The stream of peacocks stepping slow,
Shadowed with gleaming blues and greens,
Clucking and rustling like a river,
And coroneted like old queens,
Flowed onward down the street for ever

Far up the shadows of the street,
Between a rift of timbered walls,
A tender light of earthly sun
Bestowed a golden shaft of gleam,
And birds of snow, with unheard calls,
Passed on the ray, and, one by one,
Departed from the street of dream.

Then in the shadows of the street
A shadow rose and spoke to me—
Hands to my hands, with no words said,
Palms on my palms spoke silently
Among the houses of the dead,
Where, moving, rustling like a river,
The blue-green peacocks streamed for ever.

6 *In a Thirsty Land*

The sky is white to its fierce blistering eye,
And pale the earth as any sun-dried bone,
Only the shadows shrunk beneath the ant-hills
Are blue—blue as water,

And only the ants are unafraid,
Splendid and unafraid in a bleached world :
When I lie down for the last time
It is they will give me burial.

I shall not lie down when I feel the rain,
Rain as I knew it of old in a far-off land,

A forest land of greenwood shade :
There is no beauty like the beauty of the rain,
The silken drops slide to the wet earth,
Spin from the points of all the shining leaves,
And cool the burnt-up eyes like baby fingers,
And the kind sky bends down familiarly.
Ah, to lie, to die,
And lie and hear the trickle of the rain.

Who said that I should die
A death of drought in a bleached land,
Lie in an ant-hill's crescent slip of shade,
And the ants give me burial ?

Fools ! for I hear the strokes of rain,
Its silver-footed dancing in the pools.
Here I shall lay me down
'Mid rivers breaking from the world's dim ends,
And lie and listen to the rain,
And sleep beneath the silk of rain,
Wet with the gentle rain.

7 *In a Florist's Window*

The sun, through all the murk and brown
Of dust and mine-smoke, filters down
Upon the busy street, and I,
Who love green fields and lanes, come by
This glittering way of empty things,
With all the tumult that it brings—
The rush of wheels, the noisy jars,
The throbbing of the motor-cars—
And see to left and right appear
The endless load of cumbering gear
That all the ranged shop windows fills—
When, lo, a bunch of daffodils !

There they were with the old-time grace
That brought the light to Wordsworth's face,
And Shakespeare loved just such as these
Along his windy English leas.
They peered upon the dust-filled street
With hardy freshness, wholly sweet
As on their native English hills—
O happy, dancing daffodils !

But I remembered first of all—
And, straightway, at their golden call,
The window, with its damp perfumes,
Its dripping greens and orchid blooms,
Had slipped away, and so I felt
The breezes blow, the sunlight melt,
Upon a slope of holy ground,
Whose glowing garden beds are found
Set in some far Australian hills—
A happy haunt of daffodils.

Before the Spring had ventured forth
From her high chambers in the North,
Before the cherries' blossoming,
The daffodils their gold would fling
Across the long wet orchard grass—
The orchard, where the cattle pass
To wander in the creek below,
Where ferns and long, grey mosses grow.
Around, the grey old giant gums
Stand warden, and the wild bee hums
His merry chant across the rye ;
And, sharp against the August sky,
The red criss-cross of budding boughs
Shows like a net, and patient cows
Between the boles will gravely peep—
Ah, what a place of peaceful sleep !

One comes there early in the morn ;
Upon her face the light is borne
Of those who spend sweet quiet days,
And love fair thoughts and simple ways ;
And though her eyes are young, yet care
Has laid the silver on her hair.
All flowers dwell in that heart of hers,
But, question her, she yet prefers
Before them all, the daffodils.
O garden in the southern hills,
Her children loved you well of old,
Now, though they wander, place of gold,
Keep watch upon her for us all,
In this her life's long sunset fall.
Time, be her gentle worshipper,
And bring her children back to her.

The dusty street behind is drab,
And shrill with tinkle of the cab,
But rarest hope my spirit fills,
Brought thither by the daffodils.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN

8 *In the Desert*[1]

In that forgotten land from which I came,
Life must have prospered in a World of Streams,
For when I win in sleep a happy hour,
The sound of running water haunts my dreams.

Awake, Grief dominates again my soul,
And kills the echo of that jocund sound,
That murmuring thread—a ceaseless silver flow,
Dividing silence from a calm profound.

[1] From *April Moods* (A. L. Humphrey).

The arid land meets me on every side,
Lost is the memory of that Long Ago,
Only remains a longing for the place
Where in my dreams the running waters flow.

ANONYMOUS

9 *The Song of the Ox-Wagon*[1]

This is the song of the straining span, the tune of the tattered tilt,
Of the slow essays in perilous ways of the wagon stoutly built,
The song that was sung in the ancient tongue, when the days of the world dawned grey,
The creaking croon of the disselboom, the song that is sung to-day.

East and West and South and North, the firstborn herdsmen spread,
From the waters clear of the high Pamir, from the ancient Oxus bed:
On and on to the plains of Don their creaking wagons ran,
And the disselboom showed out the Doom that has given the earth to man.

Over the sands of the thirsty lands under a brazen sky,
Where the only law men bow before is the law of the assegai,
Forth and forth to the dim far North where the broad Zambesi flows,
Still to-day in the ancient way the rumbling wagon goes.

[1] From *Gold Dust*, edited by E. H. Crouch.

Through the forest ways where the wild things graze—
the dappled, the fawn, the grey,
Where the tall ' Kameel ' at sunset steal like ghosts to
silent ' vley,'
Where the lions drink at the reedy brink of the slowly
shallowing ' pan,'
The disselboom shows out the Doom that has given the
earth to man.

Slow and slow the wagons go by thicket and thorn and
pool,
But their thin path traced on the homeless waste is
the road of the coming rule,
And in dread of that track the wild slinks back, and
the thief and the beast give place
To the farm and the field and the yearly yield of the
men of the British race.

East and West and South and North from the days of
the dawn till now,
'Ere the grass was burned, or sod was turned by the
share of the furrowing plow,
This was the tune of the tattered tilt, the song of the
straining span,
How the disselboom points out the Doom that has given
the earth to man.

ALFRED HENRY HAYNES BELL

To Viola [1]

Deck thee with jewels from the Indian mine,
And fetch thy robes from silken Samarcand ;
Such never shall thy beauteous eyes outshine,
Nor these outshame the lily of thy hand.

[1] From *Child Roland and Other Poems* (Elliot Stock).

Take to thee gold ; it shall not that outvie
Poured by thy locks in such a flowing stream ;
Lay to thy bosom pearls ; and could these sigh,
Then would they sigh that they might fairer seem.
But oh ! ten thousand others can do this,
And charm for charm display as well as thou ;
Can smile as sweet, and as divinely kiss,
And show as fair a hand, as smooth a brow ;
Ten thousand others can do this, but none
Can move this heart to love, as thou hast done.

11 *Love at First Sight*[1]

He comes and sees a face divine ;
He hears a voice that through him thrills.
He takes her hand ; her bright eyes shine
A moment ; and before he wills
To say, ' She is exceeding fair ;
And I have surely dreamt of this,'
His heart is filled with hungry care
To win this new-created bliss.
If ever he shall call her wife,
He knows not ; all his sight is dim :
He only knows, henceforth his life
Can never be the same to him.

12 *To a Sea Conch*[2]

What hast thou *seen* ? Upon thy sandy floor
Have sea-nymphs played ? Would I had then been there
To see their white limbs and their faces fair,
And weed-bound yellow hair !
Or did'st thou lie upon some fatal shore

[1] From *Child Roland and Other Poems* (Elliot Stock). [2] *Ibid.*

Fretted with rocks, whereon the cruel foam
Lay like a mist? Or was thy sheltered home
Some cavern where the salt sea, morn and eve,
Crept in to woo? And was the shingle still
Thy bed of love? And did the seaweed wrap
Thy couch with its green curtains to receive
Thee to itself, where thou might'st take thy fill
Of blissful ease within old ocean's lap?

What hast thou *seen*? The sword-fish gleaming dark?
The octopus its lithesome arms uncurl?
The oyster sleeping on its bed of pearl?
The sudden, fearful whirl
Made at its quarry by the hungry shark?
Or did'st thou dwell in some deep, silent vale
Where sunlight never came, or came more pale
Than struggling moonbeams on a misty night?
There are perchance who could the mystery tell,
And thy harsh name repeat, and what has been
Of thy past life reveal: and then the light
Of fancy would depart from off thy shell;
And it were vain to say, What hast thou seen?

. . . . . .

What hast thou *heard*? The scream of sea-gull hoarse?
The bark of seal? The albatross at play?
The chant of resting sailors as they lay
Anchored in some still bay?
Or was thine ear for such too dull and coarse;
And was some low mute sound of love or hate
All thou could'st know; and this—save for the grate
Of thy shell walls upon the shingly beach—
Thy all of that vast wave of harmony
Which, from the song of nightingale unto
The chirp of cricket or the boding screech
Of night-owl, floods this great world like a sea,
Keeping it still mysterious and new?

What hast thou *heard* ? For unto thee, O thou
Mute mystery, my thoughts revert again ;
O'er thee the thunder of the mighty main
For years did burst in vain,
'Twas now thy lullaby at birth, and now
Thy requiem when in time thou cam'st to die ;
Then the waves tossed thee from them high and dry,
And left thee to the wild winds and the sun.
Who found thee there, and brought thee here, to fill
A poet with such musings, who shall tell ?
But though thy long sea sojourn all be run,
To fancy's ear a murmur haunts thee still
Of the far ocean which thou loved'st so well.

What hast thou *heard* ? Ah me ! what have I heard ?
Whose were those accents from the upper air ?
What spirit voices to my low despair
Spoke soothingly and fair ?
Who called to me when passion inly stirred ?
And when lust rose within me, ah ! what tone—
Like a great bell that tolls its knell alone—
Struck terror to my soul ? And when my hand
And heart would close with more than miser's care,
Or knowing, I yet feared to speak the right :
Whose was the warning and the reprimand ?
Whose then the voice that bade me give and share,
And strive, though I must perish in the fight ?

What hast thou *felt* ? Though thou could'st nothing see,
And nothing hear, yet this was surely thine—
To feel the welcome touch of ocean's brine,
Or sea-weeds round thee twine :
Or—what to thy still life was all to thee—
Perceive thy fellows at thy side ; and know,
At least in some small measure, friend from foe.

And did love ever stir within thy shell,
Or hatred ever claim thee for its own,
Or selfishness invade thee night and day ?
Or are these things, which make our heaven or hell,
In that dim region of thy birth unknown—
Being heirlooms but of man's superior clay ?

What hast thou *felt* ? Ah ! who shall this proclaim ?
Thy joys and sorrows, who shall give a voice ?
Was life a thing o'er which thou did'st rejoice ?
And death a painless choice ?
Or was the king of terrors but the same
To thee as unto us poor mortal men ?
And didst thou flee before his face ; and when
He seized thee, writhe and struggle in his grasp,
And fight and cry for mercy might and main,
And only yield when strength and life were spent ?
If so, when I too lie at my last gasp,
And all resistance be for me in vain,
Shall I, poor conch, than thou be more content ?

But what *art* thou ? A shell, it seems, at most !
A house, a palace, with the tenant flown !
Thy corridors all empty and alone !
Sight, hearing, touch, all gone !
Yet hast thou something still of which to boast,
Fair as thou art to sight, and smooth to touch,
Who of us men shall ever boast as much—
We, who are doomed to die, and leave no trace,
But what is loathsome, to record our past,
And link us to our kind who follow on ?
A few last words which time shall soon efface !
A few poor deeds upon the future cast !
A few frail hopes, and more memorial—none !

. . . . . .

Go, then, frail ode ; be thou my painted shell !
And should in future days one stand and say,
What did *he* hear, and see, and feel ? I pray
Speak then for me, my lay ;
And this unto the one who questions tell :
' He heard a voice for ever speak within,
Woe ! Woe ! to him who liveth in his sin !
And saw that by man's own unaided will,
Do what he might, none of his fellows rose
Above earth's miry clay and sinful leaven ;
And feeling to his sorrow, this great ill
Strike to his spirit cold as winter snows—
He fled for help and comfort unto Heaven.'

13 *The Thrush*[1]

Loud from its wicker cage the thrush yet sings ;
The blackbird pipes, though now it may no more
Flit through the orchard as it did before ;
In spite of bars, the lark its carollings
Still pours, and stretches still its useless wings
As when it could at will to heaven soar.
In sooth, though it should be a dungeon floor,
The place is nought. If God has touched the strings,
The music of his soul in melodies
E'en there the wretched captive will outpour ;
Will even there to dull insensate things
Attune his harp, as Orpheus oft of yore,
So poets tell, in his sad wanderings
Played to the rocks and hills and brooks and trees.

[1] From *Child Roland and Other Poems* (Elliot Stock).

E. BERLEIN

14 *Cape Town from Platte Klip*

WINTER EVENING

THEN in a pause between the day and dark
The world had slid into another space,
The Time we know had slipt its boundary,
And the dim city swayed into a dream.

Beyond the town a cold enchanted sea
Slept, tranced by visions of pale ships that sail
O'er desolate oceans white with moonshine,
Dream ships, dream ships, a dreaming spell-bound
sea.

A sudden bell cleaves through the deepening dusk,
The immortal dream breaks into mortal flower
As the town's myriad lamps leap into life ;
And the world's pieces are Time's toys again.

Only the mountain stands remote withdrawn,
A cairn of darkness on the fading sky,
Then o'er the edge of darkness—magical
Flows the bright ripple of the waiting moon.

15 *Rachel*

I SHALL lie quiet, quiet,
On either hand a son,
And wait in timeless patience
Till time's long night be done.

As in the days of living
They 'll lie close by my side,
And time shall be forgotten
And space, wherein they died.

And in the sightless darkness
My yearning hands shall reach
To make sure of their nearness,
And take my love to each.

I shall not draw them closer,
Nor stir their slumber deep,
For fear a flash of memory
Might stab the dark of sleep.

I shall lie quiet, quiet,
One knowledge in my breast,
That close beside me, sleeping,
Lie my two sons, at rest.

GEORGE BLAIR

16 *The Dying Kafir*

I am resting by the aloes, where the summer haze is falling,
And the little lizards flicker out and in among the stones ;
With my blanket wrapped about me, for, though the heat is crawling,
The coldness of the graveyard has come in among my bones.

I can see the mealies greening down beside Kwelegha River,
In the little mealie patches, where the breezes sport and roll :
Their leaves are ever shaking, and they whisper, and they shiver ;
And the shiver of the mealies has come in upon my soul.

Last night, when dark was falling, I could hear the bull-frogs bellow
Their hoarse and baleful music, as they shouted for the rain.
There was one upon the doorstep—a harsh and noisy fellow—
Who had come to mock my tossing, and was jeering at my pain.

Throughout the heavy darkness I could hear Kwelegha feeling
Its course toward the dawning, as it hurried to the sea;
And above its many voices I heard another, pealing;
And I shuddered, for I knew that Tikolosh' was calling me.

O what shall then betide me, when Death shall fang my shoulders,
And they plant the stones above me, beside Kwalegha wave?
O is there any waking from beneath that heap of boulders?
O is there any dawn beyond the midnight of the grave?

WILLIAM BLANE

17 *Cecil John Rhodes*

Lone in the heart of his continent sleeping,
Deep in the heart of his people enshrined;
Silence and Solitude watch o'er him keeping,
Space and the Ages to vigil resigned.
Great son of England! Africa called him,
Strengthened, inspired him and ravished his soul;
With her sad story engaged and enthralled him;
Stirred and impelled him to serve and control:

Showed him the wealth she had hoarded for ages,
Drew from her bosom the key of the North,
Gave him her scroll with its unwritten pages,
Whispered her secret, and bade him go forth!
Slave of her will, with authority vested,
Rich with her treasures and true to her trust,
Power from the hands of Oppression he wrested,
Freedom established, and laws that were just.

Not from a selfish or sordid ambition
Dreamt he of Empire—in continents thought:
His the response to that mystic tuition
From the great throb of the universe caught.
Steadfast of purpose, and strong as the fountains
Where the dark Nile and the deep Congo rise;
Calm as the mist in the lap of the mountains
Where in the sculptureless granite he lies.

What if he erred—in creation untiring?
Ever to failings the faithful have owned.
Noble the falls of unselfish aspiring!
Greatly he erred, and—how greatly atoned!
Prince of her patriots Afric has crowned him!
Strong in her heroes his spirit shall glow,
Long as the moveless Matopos surround him—
Long as the mighty Zambesi shall flow!

And, when tradition and fable and story,
In the far future, about him shall cling,
Still shall his name be the patriot's glory—
Still his achievements the poet will sing.
Here, in the mountains, the mist and the wonder,
Here in the wind and the rain and the sun,
Here, with the tempest, the storm and the thunder,
Leave him to rest who so greatly has done.

18 *Pioneer's Epitaph*

The mills, with measured, rhythmic beat,
May, ceaseless, stamp their thousand feet
Year after year;
'Deeps' may give place to 'deeper deeps'—
Here, heedless, by his 'outcrop,' sleeps
A pioneer.

MARY ROSALIE BOYD

19 *From 'The Veld'*

Bare, brown, and barren, clad in driest dust,
The veld extends to bounds unknown, unseen;
I see no life amid that dismal crust
Of earth and stone, a grim, unlovely scene.
(O English lawns so fragrant and so green!)

Strange tortured shapes of plants that terrify,
Fantastic, unbelievable, unnamed,
That dare not rear their forms against the sky,
But grovel, lowly, anguished and ashamed,
As creatures monstrously deformed and maimed.

Gross, fleshy leaves with many a bristling spine,
Great hideous roots that writhe and twist below,
Strange stems whereon strange parasites entwine,
And cruel thorns that gleam as white as snow.
(O fair dog-roses in the hedge that blow!)

All nature seems to lie in anguish there;
The parchèd earth cries silently for rain.
The leaves turn edgeways to the torrid glare;
The shudd'ring air comes up in waves of pain
Above the wide expanse of dreary plain.

. . . . . .

In sudden wrath to-day a storm-wind passed
Across the plain ; remorselessly it blew.
Its scorching breath was like a furnace-blast ;
From hour to hour its deadly fury grew,
A moment lulled, then breaking out anew.

The air was thick, and on its daily course
The sun peered dimly from the veilèd sky.
The wind sped on with unrelenting force
To lash the anguished veld with angry cry.
(O soft west winds across the moors that sigh !)

And not till sunset flushed the expectant west
The tempest died, and calm prevailed again.
Then, as a prayer for healing and for rest,
A benediction and a balm for pain,
The sun's last rays flashed out across the plain.

. . . . . .

To-day a storm is brooding in the air ;
The heavy hours drag, wearily effete ;
A gusty wind springs up, and whispers where
The dry leaves rustle in the noontide heat.
(O autumn leaves, that rustled at my feet !)

Against the wind, the frayed and ragged clouds
Come racing up, rain-heavy, looming grey,
Till murky darkness all the veld enshrouds,
And night before its time holds gloomy sway,
Stealing this sullen hour from dying day.

The startled bird flies homeward none too soon,
For swift upon his track the storm descends,
And through the darkling clouds a way is hewn
By blinding light, while hellish clamour rends
All earth and heaven to their utmost ends.

Then silence falls. Yet hark! Not silence now;
A murmurous sound steals softly on my ear,
And closer steals. The leaves expectant bow,
As murmur grows to torrent loud and clear,
The heavens have opened, and the rain is here!

. . . . . .

Was it an aeon, or an hour ago,
That all the plain lay barren, dry and dead?
What magic has imparted all this glow?
With richest hues the land is carpeted,
And where was death, springs beauty up instead.

Now every hour with loveliness is filled,
From silver dawn to golden evening-tide.
The rainbow here has all its colours spilled;
Their wild confusion spreads on every side.
Till all the veld is jewelled far and wide.

Whence stole ye all the colours that ye flaunt,
O lovely flowers that so profusely grow?
Thou chaste white star, in what remotest haunt,
What Alpine heights where avalanches flow,
Found'st thou thy cloak of purest driven snow?

And thou, bright bloom, hast taken from the sun
His richest gold, and kept it for a prize;
While here the blue Lobelia must have spun
Her azure robe from fragments of the skies
Brought by the dew that on her bosom lies.

The Erica has taken what is best
From here and there; with crimson flame she glows.
The pink Nemesia from the radiant west
Has surely borrowed her warm gown of rose,
And blushes shyly, for the sunset knows.

And there I see two lordly Aloes stand
And gaze afar with eyes that never tire.
Aloof as sentinels, they guard their land,
And rear their scarlet crests like tongues of fire,
Untouched by care, untrammelled by desire.

The Protea in many a form is found,
The artist's rapture and the poet's theme.
Beneath the ardent sun strange flowers abound,
Some boldly challenging his fiercest beam,
And others frail and transient as a dream.

The Cyanotis blooms but one short hour
At highest noon, and then dissolves away.
O crowded life! O fair and happy flower,
Untroubled by disease and slow decay,
Thy destiny complete in that brief day.

To hear but once the bird so sweetly sing;
To feed but once the honey-loving bee;
To kiss but once the butterfly's soft wing;
To feel but once the wind blow cool and free;
And then to die—Can lifetime richer be?

And now at dusk there steals a wondrous scent,
When gentle night is falling everywhere.
The evening flower exhales its sweet content,
And offers incense on the quiet air
In silent ecstasy of praise and prayer.

HENRY HEPBURN BRIGHT

20

Painted Ladies

Oh! do not scoff that I should sing
The charms of painted ladies,
Or give your errant fancy wing,
Consigning them to Hades.

For if not modest they have grace,
These gaily painted hussies,
Who boldly look us in the face
And know not what a blush is.

Were I to tell their virtues rare,
Perchance I 'd see you smiling,
Yet who 'd deny them to the fair ?—
The theme is most beguiling.
And if bedizen'd, 'tis high art—
A higher than thou knowest—
Transcending all Man can impart,
So deem it not the lowest.

Their wondrous beauties let all toast,
Their fragrance and their virtue,
For truly 'tis no idle boast
Their frailties ne'er will hurt you.
And should you—deeming I am wrong—
See visions most unholy,
Then know the ladies of my song
Are glad-eyed Gladioli.

BEATRICE MARIAN BROMLEY

21

Trekkers

Trekkers ! slow, slow,
In the bright day-dawn's glow—
Against the crystalled sky
Looms the white tent on high—
Patiently plodding span,
Patiently plodding man,
All that his life holds dear
Slow borne behind him there.

Slow, slow, in the clear opal glow—
What is the dawn to them ?
What the new day's birth-gem ?
What the moon's diadem ?
Naught—but the day begun !
Naught—but the day just done !
Trekkers ! slow, slow,
Thro' the quick bright'ning glow,
Patiently plodding span,
Patiently plodding man,
Slow, slow—on to the noon they go.

Trekkers ! slow, slow,
In the red sunset glow—
Dust-browned and travel-spent,
Life framed within that tent,
What is the world to them ?
What are its aims and cares ?
What are its hopes and fears ?
What the great thoughts of men ?
—Life holds nor joy nor good
Beyond the wagon-hood.

Trekkers ! slow, slow,
Thro' the red sunset glow,
Patiently plodding span,
Patiently plodding man,
Slow, slow, out of the fading glow
Into the night they go.

22 *Lament of the Veld*

Where are my children, my children, swift-footed, swift-wing'd, keen-eyed ?
My free, wild, beautiful children, my glory, my joy, my pride !

My breast lies bare to the heavens, my bush sleeps
grey and dumb,
No happy murmurs and rustlings from the dim thorn-
thickets come—
I wait, I watch, I listen, the days and the years roll
on,
But my children, my fair, fleet children, they are gone,
they are gone, they are gone!

The red dawn blows up eastwards, but the morning
breezes greet
No sweep of the wild wide wings, no rush of the flying
feet,
The noon beats down on my silence—the west'ring
glories play
Over my lonely pastures, over my unstirred vlei,
No flight o'er the sunset water, lithe forms 'gainst the
glowing sky—
The moon mourns down on my sorrow—the night-winds
wail my cry.

O man with thy finite vision, thou takest what thou
canst not give,
The free wild wonderful life, that was given but once
to live.
Thou hast stormed my desert strongholds, thou hast
beaten my trackless sand,
Thy songs have broken my silence, thy children laugh
in the land,
Thy flag flies far on my breezes, and thy conquering
feet march on,
But my children, my fair, fleet children, they are gone,
they are gone, they are gone.

23 *Camp Fire*

Red of the bushwood fire,
Blue smoke-film drifting high,
Sombrely gaunt and still
Brown tents against the sky—
Soft stir of yoke-freed beasts
Wandering near at hand,
Secret-whispering wind
Ruffling the sunburnt sand.

Out of the growing dusk—
Cry of a distant herd,
Crack of a far-off whip,
Plaint of a lonely bird.
Sinking glow of the fire
Ashen veiling of light—
Dream-wing'd, tenderly strange,
Over the veld broods Night.

24 *Chant of the Blue-Gums*

Day-dawn, noontide, setting of the sun,
So the hours flit over us one by one,
Shadows, moon-rise, falling of the night,
So the days slip silently, dark or bright !

Spring-tides, summers, lightly o'er us pass,
Winters trace their pathways in the yellow grass,
Sun-kist, frost-kist, all unscathed we stand
Changeless 'mid the changes, watchers in the land !

North-winds, South-winds, winds that come and go
Bear to us the echoes of the lives below,
Laughter, sighing, broken sob of pain
In our ceaseless murmuring live and live again !

Day-dawn, noon-tide, setting of the sun,
So the months pass over us one by one ;
All unmoved 'mid fleeting human song and sigh,
Shadows, night-fall, so the years go by !

25 *Nachtmaal Eve*

Soft haze of smoke and mist,
  Dim magic of the moon—
The lover's whispered word,
  The mother's patient croon.
The greeting and the jest,
  The barter and the play
That the bright hours have held,
  Eve's touch has hushed away.

No solemn, calling bell
  Upon the growing night,
But homely vespers rise
  Around each camp-fire's light.
Eve draws her curtains close,
  Fades fire and lantern gleam,
And to each heart there comes
  The gift of some dear dream.

To one, his home, his lands ;
  To one, the lover's kiss ;
To some, the touch, the voice,
  They here for ever miss.
As benediction lies
  Deep rest on man and beast,
Only the veld-wind keeps
  The Vigil of the Feast.

ROBERT MICHAEL BRUCE

26 *Nomente*

. . . ' Tell me, Zenane, tell me, have you seen her,
Big-eyed Nomente, loveliest of maidens,
Loveliest maiden 'mongst all the Amakosa,—
Say, have you seen her ?

' Timid her glance as is the startled bushbuck's,
Bright are her cheeks as shining yellow mealies,
Graceful her step as oribes in the valleys
Playing together.

' White are her teeth as snow upon the mountains,
Sweet is her breath as scent of evening flowers,
Red are her lips as outspread wings of lories
In dark kloofs flying. . . . '

MARY BYRON

27 *If Death were Good*

' If death were good, the gods would die,'
O Sappho, with thy breath of fire
That breathes the eternal heart's desire
To-day, as in those days gone by,

What hast thou found where thou art sped ?
' What strange sweet song that love must know ?
' If death were good,' thou saidst, and lo
The gods are dead.

28 *Pastoral*

Up the long hillside pass the homing beasts.

Here on the hilltop the sunlight lingers,
Flaming, triumphant,
While the deep valleys grow misty in twilight.

Up from green pastures the milch cows, the idlers,
Heads erect, lowing,
Call to their calves and troop
Quick-footed, jostling.

Home to their rest come the oxen, the toilers,
Meek-eyed and weary.

Dust-clouds made golden with glory of sunset,
Veiling the sheep and lambs ;
Slowly the thousand feet
Creep with the shadows.

Up the long hillside pass the homing beasts.

Herd-boys shouting a rhythmic monotony,
Cracking their whips ;
A drone of contentment, the old shepherd crooning,
Singing a hymn tune.

Twilight to darkness—the bats squeak and tumble,
The bleating grows fainter,
More plaintive the lowing of cattle.

Warm arms relaxed, a little head drooping,
Here on my shoulder.
Starshine ; and soft to the darkness comes silence—
The great night of rest.

29 *The Little Son*

WHAT can you bring, O Veld, to me who wander
Looking for my little son ?
Chill winds sweeping through my dying splendour,
The day is almost done.

Have you not seen him dancing in the sunlight,
Calling on the lambs to play,
Bare feet flashing through the golden jonquils ?
His feet shall rest to-day.

Have you not heard the music of his laughter
Rippling in a joyous rill,
Glad voice crying to each bird and flower ?
To-night his voice is still.

Have you not felt the tender little body
Curled within your grassy bed ?
That was to-day, but through the long to-morrow
A little child lies dead.

30 *Drought*

DRAWN from the bubbling fountain, filled from the limitless main,
Pent in the steely heavens, clouds in low thunder complain.
God ! let them burst in showers, life to the dead give again.
God of the brooks, have pity !
God of cool streams, give us rain !

Wind from a smouldering furnace shrivels the corn in the grain,
Driving the swarm of locusts, whirling the dust in its train,
Brown are the drooping grasses, hopes of the blossom-time wane.
God of the corn, have pity !
God of green things, give us rain !

Trekking in search of water over the desolate plain,
Sheep by the roadside falling, look up to us in their pain,
Haunt us with eyes of hunger, plead with us—ever in vain.
God of the lambs, have pity !
God of dumb beasts, give us rain !

You in the world's beginning—ah, could the spring come again !—
Saw it was good ere You rested ; You who made all, give us rain !

31 *The Cactus*

A CACTUS shields me from the sun,
One huge leaf spread
Before my face and curved above my head,
Grotesque, hung clumsily against the blaze,
Red-hot of arid days.

Translucent, green ;
And as I gaze, a nimbus veils between
My aching eyes
And the white heat of rock and flaming skies.
The haze that quivers on the scorching land
Grows soft with greenness, a green mist
Creeps clinging to the grass and burning sand

The green of spring! Half dreamingly I
hear
Across far worlds the clear
Call of splashed water, of deep shadowed
woods
That hush and sway,
Of whispering grass—but yesterday
Blood-red and fearful—
Springing anew, in long-forgotten green
Made clean.

32 *The Herd-Boy in the Rain*

Low, low, low,
Low I crouch in the grass,
And the great winds come and go,
And I hear the flow
Down the hard hillside where now
The swift rains pass.

Sudden whirling by
Stubble and stinging sand,
In a great brown wall to the sky,
And I trembling lie
Till the black clouds burst on high
And crash on the land.

Rain, rain, rain,
Joy of the earth new-born!
Where my lambs and I have lain
In the hunger pain,
We dance with the springing grain,
The mealies and Kaffir corn.

33 *Good-bye*

Lest I should think your sun was always shining,
Find your green lanes and meadow-lands too fair,
Lest I should spend some useless hours repining,
Breaking my heart once more to wander there,

You veiled your skies and set the soft rain falling.
Yet all you do, my England, more endears,
Through all the days, my dreaming soul recalling,
Shows me your face, more lovely in your tears.

ETHEL CAMPBELL

34 *Sunrise: The Valley of a Thousand Hills*

Seaward the sky, a flushing red and gold,
Speaks the nativity of radiant day ;
The wind-swept cloud-rifts widen, and away
The woolly cobwebs of the night are rolled.
But here a fleecy canopy of white,
Safe sheltered from the early wind, yet fills
The sleeping Valley of a Thousand Hills,
And nothing leaves but verdant crests in sight—
Green turrets in a foamy sea. The sun,
Mounting the earth's round rim, with piercing rays,
Now weaves its gorgeous hues into the haze,
As though some fairy loom that sheen had spun,
Till emerald isles and roseate billows glow,
A weird, enchanted archipelago.

ROY CAMPBELL

35 *Hialmar and the Aasvogel*

The firing ceased : and like a wounded foe
The day bled out above the craggy spars,
Whence shrill cries echoed, mixing with whose woe,
Tingled the faint hysteria of the stars.

They died like flies : but one among them rose
Out of his trance and turned a patient eye
To where, like cankers in a burning rose,
Out of the fading scarlet of the sky,

Great noisome birds on creaking quills did slide,
Bald, spectacled, and grim, with bellied swag,
Like ghosts of famous generals that have died
In honourable service of the Flag.

Each had great scars where feathers should have been,
And with raw neck raised from its collared frill,
Like a bare, shrivelled arm, all sore and lean,
Brandished the rusty dagger of his bill.

Then to the largest of that ghastly tribe
' O merry bird,' he shouted, ' work your will :
I offer my clean body as a bribe,
That, when of my young flesh you 've gorged your fill,

' You'll take my heart and bear it in your beak
To where my sweetheart combs her yellow hair
Beside the Vaal : and if she bids you speak,
Tell her you come to represent me there.

'Flounce out your feathers in their sleekest trim,
Affect the lisping softness of the dove,
Yea, smile, thou skeleton so foul and grim,
As fits the bland ambassador of Love!

'And tell her, when the nights are wearing late,
And the gray moonlight smoulders in her hair,
To brood no more upon her ghostly mate
Nor all the ghostly children she would bear.

'Tell her I fought as bravely as the rest,
That none of them had wronged me whom I killed,
And she may seek within another's breast
The promise that I leave her unfulfilled.

'I should have been too tired for love or mirth,
Stung as I am, and stricken by the truth—
Old men have hunted beauty from the earth
Over the broken bodies of our youth.'

36 *The Theology of Bongwi*

This is the wisdom of the Ape
Who yelps beneath the Moon,
'Tis God who made me in His shape,
He is a great Baboon.
'Tis He who tilts the moon askew
And fans the forest trees.
The heavens, which are broad and blue,
Provide Him His trapeze.
He swings with tail divinely bent
Around those azure bars,
And munches to His soul's content
The kernels of the stars.

And, when I die, His loving care
Will raise me from the sod
To learn the perfect Mischief there,
The Nimbleness of God ! '

37 *The Dark Champion*

Now conquest takes the form of sleep,
And with the Night's returning tide,
Moored silently by chains of stars
Men's souls, like ships at anchor, ride.

Samson lay down at last, and all
The dancers of the woods grew tired :
But still they heard the river fall
And saw the western ridges fired.

Then was it that, deserting flesh,
Railed off its force on larger grooves
The power that in the frailest forms
The most gigantically moves.

Thin vapours in their flimsy mesh
Trammelled the thunder : air became
Firm armour on the night's dark flesh
Unpierceable by eyes of flame.

Across the west, in darkness rolled,
With rondures of titanic form,
Great muscled shades arose to mould
The unshorn champion of the storm.

The power that wrestled with and threw
Thick Samson, with his awful powers,
Fell in the night and turned from dew
To nothing but a field of flowers.

And that strange music that outsang
The dancers' steps and made them tired,
Went up at morning from the hills
And in a wraith of mist expired.

The strength that hurled the rivers forth
Long leagues of silver east and west
Slept in the silent hills, and sloped
As gently as a woman's breast.

Within thy hand, O nameless power,
Each moonlit river's coiling flame
Becomes a leash that, tensely strung,
Doth hold the far horizon tame.

When wilt thou cease, when wilt thou tire
Or falter in thine endless quest :
To what new victories aspire
The broodings of thy dark unrest ?

The skies are with thy trophies hung,
The Bull, the Lion and the Bear—
What symbols of enormous strife
Remain to be erected there ?

In vain against thy stalwart shade
The day establishes its morn :
A richer prize must yet be flayed
Thy swarthy shoulder to adorn.

The spoil of that tremendous Ram,
That down the vales in splendour rolled,
Quilting a thousand hills with fire,
Is the mimosa's fleece of gold

Round which, astream on silver sands,
  Dread guardian with its serpent coils,
Skirting the fringe of flowery lands,
  The great Zambesi seaward toils—

The spoils of that tremendous Ram,
  By thy gaunt arm of winter torn
To shag thy mighty limbs, were from
  The shoulders of the morning shorn.

Yet in that strenuous repose
  That crowns thy victory, do thou
To prizes unattained uplift
  The broodings of a sombre brow

And thy rapt gaze, o'er some immense
  Horizon of horizons drawn,
Yearns to the fleeced magnificence
  And fire of its perennial dawn.

JOHN CLARK

38 *The Mercy of the Lord*

When scorners scoff and sneerers fleer
  And all the world jibes in accord,
When for my woes none sheds a tear,
  There 's yet The Mercy of the Lord.

Though rigid righteousness stalk by,
  And, seeking balm, I get a sword,
Though salve to sores men do deny,
  There 's yet The Mercy of the Lord.

Ah, wild the way and grey the goal,
  And hard the maxims that men hoard !
Shall I, unheartened, steer my soul ?—
  There 's yet The Mercy of the Lord.

When Death 's unfanged and vanquished Hell,
When Passion 's chained and Pride abhorred,
What thought remains to thrill as well ?—
There 's yet The Mercy of the Lord.

39 *Hector to Astyanax*

May good Gods grant to thee, my son, my hope,
Not too much ease, in case thou rot by sloth,
But when in heaven's ripe time of gift, there doth,
In silver rain, upon thy footsteps ope
The fount of light that gleams from skyey cope,
May naught refract the beams that light thy growth,
May naught distract thine eyes from making troth,
Be it thy lot to run apace, or grope.
'Bove all, may no fell tyrant spoil thy life,
No smug and barren placeman set aloft,
No lack-brain tricked with power, in nescience rife
An honest worker's curse, breathed deep and oft,
Fall heavily on those dicers of time's strife
That load Worth's cubes and keep their own game soft.

40 *The Light of Other Days*

I mind me o' my faither's broo,
I mind me o' my mither's een,
I mind me o' our canty hoose,
And a' my playin' on the green.

It wasna muckle we cud boast
O' warldly wealth and warldly gear,
But, gin we hadna pelf and lan',
We had hame bliss for mony a year.

A sorrow visited our hame,
A sorrow waur nor mony mair ;
I was the youngest o' the flock,
But still its memory stabs me sair.

My mither laid her doon to dee
Upon a denty day in June ;
My faither nursed her late and air
Wi' clappit chafts and doon-faen chin.

For frae the first he felt 'twas death,
And a' his heart cam till his mou,
A day or twa sae altered him,
Ye hadna kent the man, I trow.

He left his gairden to the sun,
He baid indoors, he walked the flure,
He watched the figure i' the bed,
Or back and forrit rocked his chair.

Still palsy's trance teuk aff my minnie,
Or ere she saw her gudeman's need,
Or heard his mane : doon frae her pillow
He slippet like a knotless threed.

He warstled lang time wi' his grief,
Death i' the end fulfilled his dream,
His dowie looks were changed for glad,
He saw his wife ayont the stream.

I hae been married for a while,
I 've haen my trials, I hae them noo,
But naething can the memory dim
O' mither's een, o' faither's broo.

MAUD WYNN COLE

41 *The Bulbul*

When morning dawns in glory,
You may hear the Bulbul's story,
If you listen, as I bid you!
With quick, excited stress,
He questions, in distress:—
'Sweet, why did you? Speak, speak, Sweet, why did you?
Why did you? Speak, speak, speak, why did you?

Then, having poured his slighted passion,
In such tempestuous, ardent fashion,
Reproaching his false love in accents mellow,
With tender change of intonation,
He sings, in self-commiseration:—
'Dick, poor fellow! Dick, Dick, Dick, poor fellow!
Poor fellow! O, poor Dick, poor fellow!'

42 *The Preference*

My garden glows, in tropic heat,
With colours gay as jewelled wing
Of gaudy-plumaged parrakeet,
That charms the eye, but cannot sing.
Hibiscus-bushes flaunt great flowers
Of vivid-flaming scarlet hue;
The jacarandas' feathery bowers
Are crowned with plumes of glorious blue;
Yet I would give this wealth to buy
A primrose from an English lane,
And I,—I sigh
To see a bluebell once again!

Tier upon tier the moonflower hangs
Bells which recall, by their array,
Pagodas where the summons clangs
To Buddhist worshippers to pray ;
But Afric boasts no temple spire,
Flat hills and thorn-scrub cower there,
Red lilies set the veld on fire,
Mimosa sprays the honeyed air ;
Yet all its fragrance would not buy
A wild-rose in an English hedge,
And I,—I sigh
For meadow-sweet by river's edge !

Gay bougainvilleas, twined on trees,
Wave streamers splashed with purple dyes ;
A heavy perfume on the breeze,
From African syringa, lies,
Its sweetness well-nigh overpowers
The orange-blossoms' bridal scent,
And clings where hidden champak-flowers
Breathe odours of the orient ;
Yet all their richness would not buy
The wallflowers round an English cot,
And I,—I sigh
In vain for a forget-me-not !

IAN COLVIN

43 *To His Readers*

Where o'er smooth floors of violet seas
Long wedges of black duikers fly ;
Where on the mountain's mighty knees
The mists of the Antarctic lie ;

Or where beside the furrow'd stream
The vines their purple harvest bear ;
Where through green oaks white gables gleam—
Meerlust, Dauphine, Morgen Ster ;

Or where upon the wide Karoo
The lonely shepherd, far withdrawn,
Beholds—monotonously new—
The rose of sunset and of dawn.

'Tis all one land ; one people we—
If not completely reconciled,
If we must quarrel, let it be
But ' as a lover or a child.'

On the contracted brows of hate
Let our satiric sunbeams dance,
And if the frown is obstinate,
Let 's laugh it out of countenance.

44 *A Museum Idyll*

Reader, when you 've wandered o'er
The dim Museum's cumbered floor,
And seen the grim and ghastly shapes,
As skeletons of Men and Apes ;
Scorpions' tails and serpents' skins ;
Nightmare beetles stuck on pins ;
Stalactites and fossils all
Ranged in cases on the wall ;
Corals, sponges and the weeds
The silent floor of ocean breeds ;
And the reptiles of the prime
That floundered in Creation's slime ;
Bushmen's skulls and meteorites
And all such weird and uncouth sights—

Have you never longed to see
Some relic of Humanity—
Something that would bring to mind
The form and vesture of Mankind,
Something with the bloom and scent
Of sweet human sentiment ?
Seek, then, the doorway where one sees
' Colonial antiquities.'
There the cabinets and walls
Sparkle with antique bocals,
Dresden shepherdesses fair,
Old blue Delft, and priceless ware
Brought by Dutch East Indiaman
From the ports of old Japan.
Diaz's croziered pillar there
Stands by wicked Van Noodt's chair,
And the plate that graced his board
Is guarded by Van Riebeck's sword.
Near an old bronze Buddhist bell
Graven with an Eastern spell—
With its *Mane padme om* ;—
Near a Chinese ivory comb,
Near an idol grinning white,
Cased in ocean stalactite
Which has ' suffered a sea-change
Into something rich and strange ; '
Near a grim terrific God,
Near a teapot with an odd
Chinese dragon trailing round
Golden folds on copper ground,
There 's a tiny English shoe
Of Morocco, cream and blue,
Made with all a cobbler's skill
By ' Sam Miller in Cornhill.'
Nothing more the legend says,
But I, in love with bygone days,

Look until I hear it tell
(Like the murmur in a shell)
Many a story quaint and sweet
Of the Lady fair whose feet
Twinkled with a charm divine
Beneath her ample crinoline,
Making her tortured lovers dream
That heaven itself was blue and cream.
As down the Heerengracht she went
Each hat was doffed, each head was bent,
Envied the slave who held the red
Umbrella o'er her queenly head!
Envied the mastiff on whose back
One fair and slender hand lay slack!
Even the Fiscal pressed his hat
With fervour 'gainst his lace cravat,
And swept the pavement with a bow
Before the lovely Jonge-vrouw.
When Swellengrebel gave a ball
He led her foremost down the hall;
Her lightest word or look was law
At picnic or at Wapenschaw;
In Church distracted beaux gave scant
Attention to the Predikant,
But read their sermon in the smile
That shone like sunshine down the aisle,
And once at least upon the lawn
Beneath the Castle walls at dawn
Hard-breathing men with sword to sword
Trampled a circle on the sward,
Athirst to make a rival feel
The cruel chastisement of steel.

But now, I prithee, tell me, Muse,
How came she to wear English shoes?

An English ship one summer day
Let fall her anchor in the Bay,
Answered the Castle gun for gun—
The *Walpole* or the *Addison*
Laden with sandalwood and spice
And other goodly merchandise.
Ah, how the crew praised God to see
The welcome green of grass and tree,
And, oh, how pleasant was the sight
Of shady streets and houses white !
A boat was manned and brought a score
Or so of invalids ashore,
With fever pale, with scurvy black,
Or yellow with the Yellow Jack.
Some went where by the old Canal
Stood Van der Stel's sick hospital ;
But one, of gentle birth and mien,
Was by the lady's father seen
And lodged and nursed a month or so
Within their house in Brommer's Row.
(Old English travellers agree
To praise Cape hospitality.)
She nourished him with jellies fine,
Custards and rich Constantia wine ;
And when he went to take the air
She used to walk beside his chair.

He told her stories of the East
Of savage man and savage beast ;
Of palms that waved o'er coral isles
And rivers full of crocodiles ;
Of marble tombs with gems inwrought
And sacrificial Juggernaut ;
Of jewelled Begums and Bashaws,
Rodgers, Nabobs and Sabberdaws ;

Of pirate Angria and the fray
'Twixt Great Mogul and Grand Sedey ;
Of Hindu widows burnt alive,
And how he 'd fought the French with Clive.
He watched her cheek go red and pale—
The light and shadow of his tale—
And on her eyelid shining clear
The crystal candour of a tear.

Ah, gentle reader, need I tell
The story that you know so well,
Of tender looks and stifled sighs,
Of ardent vows and soft replies ?
It is, I think, enough to say
They loved as lovers love to-day,
And in the way of lovers swore
That no one ever loved before ;
For centuries may come and go,
But Love and Youth are always so.
Nor need I rend your hearts to tell
The passion of their sad farewell.
But he, a moment to beguile
The April sunshine of a smile,
Asked for her choice 'twixt hat and gown,
A gift to bring from London Town,
And she although her cheeks were wet
Was in a moment all coquette—
' Your English fashions would, I fear,
But ill become my homely sphere,—
Besides, you know not how to choose—
Bring me instead a pair of shoes.'
With leaden feet the days passed o'er
The maid who watched upon the shore
A piteous calendar—her cheeks
Grew paler with the passing weeks.

Her father marked the absent mood,
The tears, the pensive attitude,
And with affection's swift surmise,
He guessed the reason of her sighs,
And tried to lock the stable door
(As parents oft had done before).
A husband (to himself he said)
Will drive this nonsense from her head,
But which fond suitor should he bless?—
'Twas an *embarras de richesse*,
'Twas Van der Merwe, Jacques Theron,
The Captain of the Garrison,
Petrus de Witt or Van Breda,
Or Cloete of Constantia.
And then the Fiscal—fat and old—
What matter?—he had power and gold—
A farmstead bowered in oak and vine,
The fairest in the Drakenstein,
Coffers of dollars and doubloons,
Gold mohurs, pagodas, ducatoons,
And in his cupboards stored away
The priceless treasures of Cathay.

Straight to the Fiscal's house he went,
Nor paused to ask the girl's consent,
Arranged the match without delay,
Drew up the deeds and named the day.
In vain the tears that fell like rain,
The prayers, the protests, all in vain.
The Fiscal forced a loathed caress
With elephantine playfulness.
'Twas now a twelvemonth since the day
Her English lover sailed away,
And neath the Garden oaks, forlorn,
A week before the wedding morn,

She sat—a book upon her knee,—
Alone in pensive reverie.
The menace of the old bridegroom
Was dreadful as an open tomb,
It yawned so imminently near,
Poor dove ! she sickened with the fear !
' My heart has called so loud,' she said,
' He must come if he be not dead.'
A sudden step—a look—a cry—
' 'Tis thou ! ' and—with a kiss—' 'Tis I ! '
' See, I have brought thine English shoes !
Said'st thou I knew not how to choose ?
These for thy feet—this golden band
Will grace the whiteness of thy hand.'

From Signal Hill to Witteboom,
From Kirstenbosch to Roodebloem,
With canon, bugle, bell and horn,
They ushered in the wedding morn.
The Fiscal went with stately stride
To wish Good-morrow to his bride ;
But he was greeted with a groan—
Alas ! alack ! the bird had flown.
Far out beneath a cloud of sail
A ship bowed to the favouring gale.
They heard above the ocean swell
Ring faint but clear a wedding bell,
And where the boat put off they found
A tiny shoe upon the ground.

As scent of faded rose-leaves dead
With dreams of summer fills the head ;
As the faint murmurs in a shell
Of green foam-crested surges tell ;
So this forgotten little shoe
Told me the tale I 've told to you.

ARTHUR SHEARLY CRIPPS

45 *The Way in Africa*

('What is that which has no end?'—'*The Way*')
(Mashonaland Riddle.)

I SAID 'I 'll go my road alone.'
I rose while yet the dawn was grey,
And lo, beneath me and before,
Companion'd me the Way !

And while the east wore arras rich,
And when the sun came up and shone,
That comrade kept her secret close,
And lured me by it on.

Great golden vleis, and granite hills,
So far and blue, she 'd have me see,
But underfoot her deep sand sigh'd
'Better is yet to be.'

And as I dined in thorn-tree shade,
And lipp'd a deep-bowl'd spruit for cup,—
The Way, to me the way-worn, sign'd
By dust-wisps—'On and up ! '

Of rise and dip, and dip and rise,
And fence with here and there a gate,
I wearied, but she wander'd on,—
Her hope insatiate.

Meseem'd that, swerving at the drift
As eve grew dim, my track was lost ;
Then up the hill the white Way rose
Before me like a ghost.

And still with signals on and on,
For many a darkling drouthy mile,
She flagg'd me white from hope to hope
In silence all that while.

What time the town's few lamps at last
Long my impatient feet defied,—
I grew to loathe, and love, by turns
My pale and patient guide.

So 'mid the lamps at length we came,
We came together, she and I,
And I went in to sup and sleep,
But she went wand'ring by.

46 *In Deserto*

God's Fire-ball rolling smooth o'er heavens of glass,
God's Hand-fed hawk with wide unfluttered gait,
Are o'er me—as feet wrench'd and worn I pass
By black-burnt clods, by sandy furrows strait.
They do their best so lightly, bird and sun,
But all my struggling leaves my best undone.

47 *Love Pagan*

Sun-shine and hoe-shine !
Delve and delve away !
Hoe-head that I wrought her
Busy shines to-day.
Had I but four cattle—
I would wed her now ;
She is sweet of favour,
She is strong to plow.

Eye shine and fire-shine !
How her spoon's heft plies !
While the black pot bubbles,
While the bright fire sighs !
She 'twas brewed the brown beer,
She 'twas ground the meal !
How can I four cattle
Beg or buy or steal ?

Twelve months I 'll hire me
For a miner's hire—
Take the kicks and curses,
Dare the earth-damp's ire.
I will buy four cattle,
Snatch my maid and run,
She shall reap my red grain,
She shall bear my son !

48 *Winter Veld-Fires*

When the June airs are cold,
And grass is brown and dead—
Flame of the sunflow'r's gold,
Flame of the tulip's red,
Come with the south-east wind
Blowing so fierce behind ;
Stay with the night around--
Enchant this desert ground !

49 *All Saints' Day*

Ah me !
It was God's choice ere mine that I should be
The one dim casement by whose panes they see
These maiden knights of mine—their elders' chivalry.

Alas !
How cobweb-hung the frame ! How dim the glass
Whereat their bright eyes watch the pageant pass—
Pageant with raiment white and palms of Hallow-Mass !

Make clean,
O glimmering Showers of Grace and Dews unseen,
My panes that do deface their rainbow sheen—
Those venturous Sails that furl in haven-pools serene !

Behold !
At my poor breath-dimmed panes what pomps unfold !
See the Host rise a Harvest Moon of gold !
Lo the Vine's Branches bend with clusters yet untold !

Ah me !
Flawed priest, that God should choose to make of thee
A nursery window, whence His babes may see
Rapture of Saints that are, wonder of Saints to be !

50 *Summer Rain-Songs*

I

Widely spread thy wings of dun-grey woof
O'er our tilths, O Rain !
Bill and coo and chuckle on my roof
All a night again !
Brood and scatter silver-fluttering sheen
O'er our valley's nest, and round its arching brink—
Till the brown seeds hatch, the tender new-fledged green,
Tongue by tongue, leaps forth to drink !

II

Down the brown hill path that I tread
  Dances a runnel blue and gilt—
The rain is fallen, fallen,
  The skies' full pride is spilt—
Deep loving colours take again
The heavens and earth at fall of rain.

O skies, that I might shed myself,
  As you, spill pride, and only slake
Fellow-dust parching, parching,
  All for my pride's dear sake !
Then God's clear shinings might be seen
On these brave hills of heathen green !

51 *A Mashona Husbandman*

You find him listless ; of but little worth
To drudge for you, and dull to understand ?
Come watch him hoe his own rain-mellowed land—
See how the man outbulks his body's girth !
As new-yoked oxen ply his shoulders grand.
He frolics, revels, ravins deep in earth ;—
A kid about a swarthy mother's dugs
He tussles greedily, and panting tugs.
Swell in full streams, ye skies, his harvest mirth !

52 *Benediction*

Tho' as it were a crypt I pace
  My long night vigil through,
Within the church of God I am—
  His dome of frescoed blue.

I pass deep stoups in earthen floors
  Where heavenly roof-gems show—
Niches o'er lustral waters set
  Where worms' dim candles glow—

Wind-carven pillars of the trees
  Where horned owls' Lauds are said—
Slab, plinth, and pile, the cenotaphs
  Of the long crumbled dead.
A jewelled Eikon of my Lord
  Glitters to East afar—
Louting upon one knee I hail
  The Bright and Morning Star.

Lo the brown-tussocked floor is sprent
  With holy sprinklings cold!
Lo vigil gray of draping clouds
  Is doffed for festal gold!
The ghostly voices of the doves
  Croon in the brooding light—
The Christ-taught cock that Peter chode
  Scolds the forsaking night.

At last the voices hush and pause,
  The vast church fills with dread—
Brow to the throbbing floor I crouch,
  My 'Judica me' said.
How soon mine ears as I adore
  The stir of welcome fills—
God's awful Monstrance is upheld—
  The sun is o'er the hills!

53 *A Dead Chameleon*

Dreaming my dingy dreams to-day I trod
Blindly, and crushed yon prism gay of God—
Whereon the mould's and grasses' tints would pass—
Hue after hue—as o'er a wizard's glass !

Heaven ne'er in Saint was shown more manifest
Than Earth in thee ! Back to our old Earth's breast,
Mirror of hers, glassing her fondest green !
Sleep and awake to wear a new Earth's sheen !

54 *A Franciscan Prayer*

When we are past
Woodlands and moonshine nights—
Consume them not nor in the dust-wrack cast !
Save them for bat and owl,
And all night beasts that prowl,
And for night-warbling birds therein to sing
All an eternal spring !

When we are past
Fresh uplands, flaming dawns—
Consume them not nor in the dust-wrack cast !
Save them for horse and hound,
Elm rooks and larks a-ground,
And for the proud red cocks therein to crow
The east's abiding glow !

When we are past
Bare veld and breadths of sky—
Consume them not nor in the dust-wrack cast !
Save them for all shy things
Fleet-footed, wild of wings—
To hold thanksgiving there, as well they may,
That we are gone for aye !

55 *Way-Song*

Rise and go the rock-path grey
In the dusk before the day :
On, on, through the treeless brown,
While the sun swings up—and down—
On his own blue open way !

Crackling branches parched and dry—
Pile them for your night-fire high :
Rest, your pilgrim feet unshod,
Smoke and dream and own your God
In the bright stare of His sky !

56 *To the Veld*

Ragged brown carpet, vast and bare,
Seamed with grey rocks, scathed black with flame !
Stage-carpet, foil for all that's fair !—
O'er thy grim stretches dance in air—
Sun, moon and stars in dazzling wear,
Enhancing splendours by thy shame.

Poor, unloved ! Take my love and praise—
Not most because so faëry-fine—
Heav'n peeps at poverty of thine,
Nor because thy mute exile days
Teach best the worth of greenwood ways,
And meadows where deep waters shine !

Nay, most for all thy weariness—
The homeless void, the endless track,
Noon-thirst, and wintry night's distress—
For all tense stretchings on the rack—
That gave me my lost manhood back !

57 *A Refrain*

Tell the tune his feet beat
On the ground all day—
Black-burnt ground and green grass
Seamed with rocks of grey—
' England,' ' England,' ' England,'
That one word they say.

Now they tread the beech-mast,
Now the ploughland's clay,
Now the faëry ball-floor of her fields in May,
Now her red June sorrel, now her new-turned hay,
Now they keep the great road, now by sheep-path
stray,
Still it 's ' England,' ' England,'
' England ' all the way !

58 *Colour*

Red kine, pied sheep and goats, and bronze-dyed
swains !
Rise on them, Star most white, this Christmas Night—
Not as contemning them,
Rather as fusing in Thy fiery Gem
All glowing creatures' stains !

59 *Envoi*

If aught of worth be in my psalms,
It in the Black Christ's Hands I lay,
In those Nail-groov'd, hoe-harden'd Palms
He holds to me now ev'ry day—
The Black Christ in Whose Name I pray,
Yet Who (O wonder !) prays to me
In wrong and need and contumely.

If any gift of sight of mine
Our land's veil'd beauty should reveal,
My reader, to those eyes of thine,
That gift to Him that gave assign,
To Him (whose Feet unsandalled steal
Over the granite tracks I tread)
Head-haloed by our rose and grey
Of twilights, or our gold of day,

Who near my red camp-fire will spread
His reed-mat, or on rain-bless'd days
Hoe deep His pattern-work of praise
Full in my sight.
O happy eyes
Are mine that pierce the black disguise
And see our Lord! O woe of woe
That I should see, that I should know
Whom 'tis they use that use Him so!

SAMUEL CRON CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER

60 *A Song of the Wagon-Whip*

The great buck-wagon, our 'desert ship,'
With its four-ton heavy load,
And its rooi-bont span and the Wagon-Whip,
Is coming along the road,
With its whip-stick light from the bamboo-brake,
Where the eyes of the tiger gleam,
And its whirling lash from the thick tough hide
Of the sea-cow by the stream.
In Indian thicket the whip-stick grew, where the Bengal tigers prowl,
And the hooded cobra with angry hiss startles the jungle fowl;

Where the elephant crashes through steam-hot brakes
rose the springy light bamboo :
It was cut and shipped for the Wagon-Whip to startle
the wild Karoo.

The lash was a length of the sea-cow's hide by the
broad Limpopo stream,
Or where Zambesi breaks in foam o'er its great white
falls agleam ;
And the hardy Boer from the two-inch hide of the
river-horse cut the strip,
And brei'd and rolled and hammered it round to make
the Wagon-Whip.

The agterslag tough and the voorslag keen came from
the royal koodoo,
With his glorious lyred horns laid back as he bounded
the forest through ;
But the hunter's deadly eye ran up the levelled, rifled
gun—
And the antelope's hide was brei'd and stryk'd, and
the Wagon-Whip was done.

Stand up ! South Africa's son, with the Whip ; stand
up, if your arms be strong !
Toss up the snaky length in the blue ; uncurl the
writhing thong !
With foot advanced, swing up your arms ; let the
voorslag's crack resound,
Till the hills of Howison's Poort give back the echoing,
rolling sound.

As adown the pass the wagon glides, let the Whip with
its lightning crack
Startle the buck from its lair in the kloof, while the
baboons ' borchem ' back !

Let the rooi span trek as the voorslag's tongue is guiding
the 'desert ship,'
And the pioneer comes with the heralding voice of
the mighty Wagon-Whip.

DAVID JOHN DARLOW

61 *Drought*

The burning skies are steel,
The parchèd earth is dry,
And we die,
The little children die.

The mealies cannot grow,
The grass is burnt away,
And grim death
Is haunting us alway.

The God who lives on high
Is no Father to us now,
For we die,
In agony we die.

The cattle all are gone,
The children reel and faint,
And they die,
O Father God, they die.

62 *From 'Khama'*

. . . There lurked a lion in a desert hold
That creeping through the starless night, made havoc
In the kraals. The quivering oxen lowed;
The women moaned; the men with hopeless eyes
Sad silent waiting for the scream of death.

He prowled with kingly tread till Khama came,
Khama with men equipped with gun and
spear.
Then sat they round the fire and acted there
The deeds of daring they were fain to do.—

'We will watch him, keener sighted,
Crouching thus and thus we 'll watch him ;
Wait until his green eyes' flashing
Brighter gleams than steel in moonlight ;
Leap upon him thrusting, thrusting.

Then he 'll strike like summer lightning,
Then he 'll roar like rolling thunder,
Bare his teeth that shine like moonbeams
On Leshosho in the flood-time.
Strike him this way, strike him that way,
Leap aside and leave him swaying,
All amazed and sorely wounded.
Tau ! Tau !

Whoof ! the gun shall tell him never,
Never shall he steal your cattle,
Never kill your wailing women,
Never fright your little children.
Take his skin ; it 's warm and supple ;
Take it home to fierce Sekhome ;
Take it home to show the women.'

But Khama sat as silent as the rocks ;
And after song and dance they fell asleep.
Then he arose, and taking one tough spear
Stept noiselessly along the sandy ways,
With cunning sought the lion's stony lair,
Alone, in primal warfare, strove with death.

As morning rose behind the eastern hills
And swept the heavens with his cloak of gold,
The hunters, rousing from their sleep, looked forth ;
And, lo ! amidst the gold, came one who toiled
Wearily,—for 'neath a lion's skin
He labouring strode. They waited in amaze.
Their sight grew clear. ' 'Tis Khama ; he hath killed
The mighty one, upon his back the robe
Of victory. 'Tis Khama, mighty chief ! '
With dance and song they hailed him, brought him in ;
With praises told the story, how he crouched
And fought and slew. But Khama said no word,
Nor ever midst the women told them how
He sought for danger that he might be proved
More dangerous, and stronger than the death
That dogs the coward in his hasty steps. . . .

NORAH LILIAN D'ALTERA DOWSLEY

63 *Bait*

A GREY dawn sky, and bleak grey-gleaming sands
Above an ebbing tide lay desolate.
I watched the crab-man dig, with both his hands,
Around the bones of the old wreck, for bait.
Tattered and old, with yellow, wrinkled skin,
And one gay scarlet rag about his head,
Beside him as he dug, his rusty tin
Shone, on a sudden, as the day broke red
And the rich sky to sea and water lent
Garish and grim, barbaric ornament.

Lo now, a pirate, and a treasure hid :
Pieces of eight, doubloons and louis d'or,
And skeletons perchance those rocks amid,
Cache-guardians on a horror-haunted shore.

64 *Rain in the Night*

And all night long, in dreams, he heard the sea
Wooing with song enchanted shores of dream.
Where up the beaches dark long waves did cream
In shallow, whispering stretches, quietly.
All night between the dunes the shadows slipped
(Strange spells that wander through a wizard's mind);
They climbed along the ridges, and they dipped
Down the long slopes into the hollows blind.
And low, and sweet, that dim sea murmured on.
At length so deep he slept that dreams were gone. . . .
A still dawn woke him. Soon he heard again,
Closely about his walls, the secret rain,
And closed his eyes, and still could hear the flow
Of that far ocean, strangely hushed and slow.

'EUREKA'

65 '*A Pure Devotion is a Cleansing Fire*'

A pure devotion is a cleansing fire;
A golden censer swung by heavenly hand:
Whatever love of woman, faith, or cause
Feed its red flame with fuel of Holy Land.

Here all our worst to fragrant best is burned,
And all the squalid rubbish of our souls,—
Which else might turn to rotting filthiness,—
Is Love's own incense on those ardent coals.

HUGH JOHN EVANS

66 *The Veld*

From sky to sky the veld, vast, tawny, bare,
Surrounds me like a vision in a dream,
Mysterious and unreal : no flower or stream,
No friendly smoke or stack is anywhere ;
E'en God's own living creatures are not there,—
No bird, no bough whereon to perch, no theme
Whereof to sing ; to me there only seem
The sun, sky, veld, the light immaculate air.—
Whose great majestic archicraft did raise
This blue-domed temple without priest or psalm,
Without a tone of all the diapase,
With unascending incense, without balm,
Without a worshipper in prayer or praise,
Mute with an incommunicable calm ?

KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE

67 *Dawn*

Dark-shadowed Dawn ;
Grey fingers in the East ;
Pale hands that brush the webs of night away.
Burnt blades of grass by faintest breeze are borne
Across the clearing. Over on the vlei
The beast
Night-known, the jackal, greets the approaching day.

The fires burn low ;
The Kafirs, still asleep,
Lie huddled close together ; through the trees
Two reed buck whistle, and like shadows go

Silent and swift ; a pair of night-jars sweep
Above the camp on soundless wings ; the breeze,
Born of the morning, wafts the white ash free
And spills the night-dew from the laden tree.

The dawn-wind dies ;
A shivering Senna wakes ;
The stars, still bright, are paling in the blue—
A depthless violet blue. The waking skies
Beyond Urungwi Peak in hundred flakes
Of crimson silver-tipped make clear the view
Of purple distant ranges and brown plain :
The dark is gone and light has come again.

I will arise ;
The wearied night is spent,
The golden morning sings along the world—
Sing thou, my soul, and greet the roseate skies ;
Thou art undaunted though thy strength is blent
With utter weakness, and thy wings are furl'd.—
Though thou art bonded to a shell of clay,
Awake, my soul, and hail the glorious day !

68 *The Hunting of Shumba*

The hairs about his muzzle tipp'd with wet ;
The last sun glinting on his tawny mane,
And burnishing his hide ; veil'd eyes that yet
So slumbrous-solemn flash and slowly wane.

Veil'd slumbrous-solemn eyes, that half-asleep
Seem utter-careless of the wild around ;
Soft seeming-careless steps that seek the deep
Gloom'd bush,—but give no shadow of a sound.

Loose-limb'd, he slouches shambling in the cool ;
Head down, hide rippling over lazy might ;
Thoughtful and terrible he leaves the pool—
Shumba the Lion, passing to the night.

A grass-blade breaking !
Swift, in awful calm,
The mighty limbs at length along the ground ;
Steel muscles tightening—
A sense of harm,
Intangible . . . no shadow of a sound . . .
But savage eyes unveil'd,
Intense as death ;
Purs'd lips and lower'd ears and bated breath,
Dread vigour hail'd
From every nerve and tissue—crouching there
Blent with grass,—incarnate, awful FEAR !

A leap—a scream—a thud ;
And it is done.
Silence awhile, and the hot smell of blood.
Silence, then slowly, with the sinking sun,
The rend of flesh. . . . The crickets wake and sing,
The frogs take up their song, the night-jars wing
Weird in the azure dusk. As had been will'd,
Chance brought him food ; and Fate has been fulfill'd.

69 *Bongwi*

A HAUNTED soul put under ban,
A hunted beast that has to roam,
The voiceless image of a man
With neither speech nor home—

Upon the summit of the height,
  Where only wind-swept lichens grow,
Bongwi, lit by the dawning-light,
  Watches the plain below.

Fierce eyes, low brow, protruding mouth,
  Short hands that twitch and twitch
    again,
The hairy gargoyle of the South—
  A man without a brain ;
Upon the highest krantz he waits
  Dim-lit by golden streak of dawn,
Guarding the interests of his mates
  Who wreck the fields of corn.

Far down the mealie-gardens lie,
  And he, a patient sentinel,
Shouts ' Boor-hoom ! ' to th' offended sky
  To show that all is well.
A white fish-eagle sails along,
  His mighty pinions harping tunes,
Till dawn throbs with Aeolian song
  And, far below, the brown baboons

Look up and note the paling East,
  The fading moon, the stars that wane,
And, gorg'd, they quit their stolen feast
  And seek the open veld again.
And Bongwi sees. But turns his view—
  Brown-eyed—towards the breaking morn,
And gazes through the soundless blue,
  The golden distance of the dawn.

70 *Yellow Eyes*

Blended by fading moonlight with the grass—
The long brown grass that bends beneath the dew—
Supple, subtle, and silent: eyes of brass
That rove in solemn fierceness o'er the view;
Seeking his living by the shadow'd walks
Of sleeping man: Ingwi the Leopard stalks.

Thing from the utter silence of the wild—
Thing from the outer darkness of the night—
Father of terror, of grey fear the child,
Ingwi, (in peace softer than silk; in fight
Harder than steel,) cringing in fear draws nigh
To stay his hunger where the White Men lie.

The chickens huddle in an abject dread—
A dread no more than he, the Hunter, knows,
Yet quenches and goes in to seek his bread
Within the precincts of the wired close.
Goes in . . . and sudden finds that he has bought
His life to lose his life—that he is caught.

The weighted door has closed, and he is trapp'd . . .
Gods of the wilderness, what agony!
Dumbly he noses where the wires mapp'd
Against the darkness show where all is free.
Dumbly he strives to stretch a fore-paw through
To touch the long grass, bending with the dew.

Dumbly he yearns toward the outer black,
(His moon, that has sunk down for ever now,)
He sees a rabbit loping down the track,
And hears the chilly night-breeze lisp and sough.
Lisp in the leaves that were his but this day
And now seems leagues, and countless leagues, away.

Far, far away the brooding mountains lie,
  The silver streams that croon among the ferns,
The wide umsasas black against the sky,
  The dreaming valleys where the glow-worm burns.
The veld has vanish'd with the closing door—
The veld that shall be Ingwi's never more.

The flash of lights—the shouts of men awake !
  And like a thunderbolt he strikes the wire,
Struggling in fury for his life's own sake—
  Wrapp'd in a whirling madness of desire,
Gathering his mighty power in his rage,
With thrice-fold strength he tears away the cage.

He fights, and he is free ; the door is down ;
  The great dogs are upon him in a breath—
Great hunters—but the half-bred boar-hound brown
  Falls struggling in the sobbing throes of death ;
And Flo, his mate, her neck ripp'd half away,
Sinks dead before this Fury brought to bay.

Gods of the Wilderness, Ingwi is free !
  The rabbit flies in ecstasy of fear,
And Ingwi seeks that place where he would be—
  Where neither man nor animal shall peer.
Coughing the choking life-blood as he goes
He seeks a hidden death-bed that he knows.

Blended by coming dawn-light with the ground
  That drinks his crimson power as it drips ;
Seeking his chosen hiding without sound,
  Though dry with suffering are his burning lips.
Silent and savage 'neath the paling sky,
Riddled with shot, Ingwi goes back to die.

71 *The Red Cloud*

Know ye the Red Cloud—Red Cloud of Afric—
Endless, unfathom'd, unceasing, borne on the warm wind ;
Whelming the corn and fruit-land, farm and rick,
With the green veld before it, and the brown veld behind ?
Green are the mealies, green the fields of corn,
Pink hangs the peach-blossom, and white the bloom of the plum,
And the garden whispers with things new-born,
When swift through the Spring air the scouts of the Red Cloud come.

Bright is the day, and rich the wind with flowers—
Roses and grenadillas, and woodbine on the wall,
And strange wild scent of the mimosa bowers,
When, shimm'ring in the sunshine, the flakes of the Red Cloud fall.
Millions untold the flakes sink on the green ;
Whirring and ever whirring the great Red Cloud goes by
Shaking the heavens ; fades the sun unseen
And all red fades the smother'd earth, and red the moving sky

Daylong the lisp and whisper of the Cloud ;
The whirr, and click, and rustle where the Red Locusts mow ;
Shadow'd the earth, and shimmer'd in a shroud
Which lifts at length, and all too slowly, as the wing'd flakes go.

Behold, the dead! The blind eye of the land;
The bare earth in the sunshine; the grey stones on the hill;
No leaf on the tree, no bloom on the sand—
All brown is the greenness where the Red Cloud had its will.

72 *The Puff-Adder*

Here where the grey rhenoster clothes the hill,
Drowsing beside a boulder in the sun,
Slumbrous-inert, so gloomy and so still,
On the warm steep where aimless sheep-paths run,
A short thick length of chevron-pattern'd skin,
A wide flat head so lazy on the sand,
Unblinking eyes that warn of power within,
Lies he,—the limbless terror of the land.

He is the ablest specialist in death—
This gleam of living velvet—and in this
He finds his pride; yet, with presaging breath,
He warns the unwary footstep with a hiss.
Go, then, and live. Remain, and in a flash
The fangs have found their victim, and the stark
Strong hand of death with instant awful lash
Hath struck thee, choking, to the utter dark.

Sober and thoughtful, passionless he lies,
Dreaming strange dreams that are not ours to know,
While the sun wanders through unclouded skies,
And insects, chirping round him, come and go;
Unmov'd, unvex'd by hatred or desire,
Calm in resistless power he disdains
The fury-blinded ringhals' insane ire,
And rests impassive till the sunlight wanes.

73 *Burial*

(*Among the Manyika, a dead infant is buried by its Mother without a ceremony.*)

Yowe, yowe, mwanango duku !
I bury you here by the edge of the lands.
Under the scrub and the weeds I bury you,
Here in the clay where the bracken grows.
Here on the hill the wind blows cold,
And the creepers are wet with the driving mist.
The grain-huts stand like ghosts in the mist,
And the water drips from their sodden thatch.
And the raindrops drip in the forest yonder
When the hill-wind shakes the heavy boughs.
Alas ! I am old, and you are the last—
Mwanango, the last of me, here on the hillside.
The dust where you play'd by the edge of the kraal
Is sodden with rain, and is trodden to mud.
The hoe that I use to fashion your dwelling
Is caked with the earth that is taking you from me.
Where now is Dzua who ripes the *rukweza* ?
And where now are you, O *mwanango kaduku* ?
Alas ! Alas ! My little child !
I bury you here by the edge of the lands.

LANCE FALLAW

74 *The Spirit of Hidden Places*

Over the mountain's shoulder, round the unweathered cape,
In lands beyond the sky-line, there hides a nameless shape—
Whether of fiend or goddess no mortal well may know ;
But when she speaks—with flushing cheeks, they one by one must go.

To men in far old cities, scanning the curious chart,
Her voice would sound at midnight, like music in the heart;
Across the wrinkled parchment a glory seemed to fall,
And pageants pass like shapes in glass along the pictured wall.

She led the sails of Lisbon beyond the Afric shore,
Winning a world of wonders by seas unknown before.
She watched the sturdy captains of Holland's India fleet
Planting their post on that grim coast where the two oceans meet.

Yea, and in earlier ages, what ghostly race were they
Who left the eastward waters to tread the inland way?
Who bore the gold of Ophir, and built the tower of stone—
But left no sign save empty mine, and rampart overthrown.

But others find their footsteps, and strike the trail anew.
How fared the burghers onward across the wild Karoo!
And still, with hand at bridle and eyes that search the wind,
With strain and stress the white men press that mocking sprite to find.

We seek her by the valley—she moves upon the height.
The rainbow stands athwart us to blind her from our sight.
Along the sea-bound bastion her steps are hid in spray,
And though we dream—with morning gleam the lustre dies away.

Yet sometimes for a moment men think to feel her nigh,
When first the lost Moon Mountain unveils to Stanley's eye ;
Or when the Great White Wanderer beheld Zambesi leap
With earthquake stroke and sounding smoke down the stupendous steep.

And then again we lose her, for lack of wizard skill,
Only the message liveth that tells us, *Further still !*
Yet could we come upon her, and seize, and hold her fast,
The onward track would something lack of its old magic past.

No secret on the ridges, no whisper in the air,
No sense of paths untrodden, no shadow anywhere ;
Earth robbed of half her glamour, and ocean void of awe—
The proud pursuit that brings not fruit is man's eternal law.

75 *A Cape Homestead*

Just that glimpse of the Table Rock
Seems the key to the breathless spell,
Never, you 'd say, could the wild wind shock
A single leaf from the oaks of Stel.
Four white gables, with scroll and bend,
Lettered and dated, nobly wide ;
Red roof, and the shutters, end to end,
Flung back at the lattice side.

Sleep for ever seems nestling there,
All uncounted the hours go by.
Silent sits in his deep old chair
That white-haired man, with the dreaming eye.

Does he think, as the shadows fall,
And the swift bats skim in the evening glow,
Of the haunting voices that used to call
Through the doorways long ago ?

Think of the days when the young folks made
Mirth and music beneath that roof,
Danced at night in the moon's soft shade,
And rode and hunted by kop and kloof ?
Yes, and the time when the boys would trek,
When the Cape cart stood by the open door,
Till they watched it rounding the far off nek . . .
And another came back no more.

Oh, white nest, but thy birds are far ;
East and northward the strong sons go :
One where the lone Nyanzas are,
One where the shoals of the Orange flow.
One is treading the world's wide path
In crowded cities beyond the seas ;
And one found rest, in the hour of wrath,
On a warrior's couch of ease.

Bid them come back again—those that can,
Lead them hither o'er berg and veld.
Comely woman and proper man,
Let them kneel where of old they knelt.
Would they not in a moment take
Step and voice from the years long fled ?
—Just as soon might the dead one wake
From his wild Shangani bed !

Yet he waiteth, the grey old sire,
On the pillared stoep, by the creeping vines.
The low sun wraps him with rosy fire,
And the thin gum-shadows are drawn with lines.

The Kafir, driving the great-horned herds,
Passes, crooning a quiet tune ;
And the mountains mutter, too low for words,
' We shall comfort him very soon.'

76 *Dick King*

'Twas time indeed to pay the meed,
Thou leader of the line,
In all our land no stone should stand
More broadly based than thine.

From lesser life of doubt and strife,
Self-soiled our every aim,
Through shadowy days, thro' mist and haze,
We look to catch thy flame.

We by the rule of sect or school
Have bound our narrow heart.
But thou art held with those of eld—
The little band apart.

Who would not ask what gain the task,
Who bore the child-like mind,
Linked to the will that worketh still
The purpose of mankind.

'Twas by our bay, where foemen lay,
The mighty race began ;
Thro' drift and kloof on flying hoof
Swept the unconquered man.

Along the strand by stone or sand,
By bush-track and by brine,
His horse's dint was but the print
Of England's signet sign.

And all his race who hold their place
'Twixt Tintwa and the sea—
Yea, those also who northward go
Where the great waters be,

Where mountains lie from sky to sky,
And seem to bound the sphere—
May look to-day to Durban Bay,
And claim their pioneer.

Man and the horse—the same sole force
Of old a world to bear.
Still at our need we find the steed,
—God send the man be there!

77 *Day and Night Up-Country*

O'er the unshaded veld
The ruthless sun
Pauses, as though he felt
His course half run.
The noontide world stands still
And gasps for air;
Lifts every breathless hill
A forehead bare.

Along the quivering ground
The heat-haze hangs,
Casting a mirage round
The aloe fangs.
Down by the dam, knee-deep,
A brooding band,
Like statues seen in sleep
The cattle stand.

And stretched beside them lies
  Their Kafir herd,
Watching with narrowed eyes
  The weaver bird.
In the hot glare, how near
  The distance seems !
The league-long hills show clear
  Through all our dreams :

Hills in whose giant tower
  Soft darkness hides,
And whence at evening's hour
  Her shadow glides.
Blest moment ! quickly come—
  Thy breeze we know,
Waking the lips grown dumb,
  The pulses slow.

Come with thy starry sky,
  A boundless deep ;
Under thy quiet eye
  We would not sleep,
But watch the lonely land
  Her breast unfold,
When night's grey colours stand
  Athwart the gold ;

See the long mountains bend,
  And take new shape,
Strange shadows to descend
  And mists to drape ;
Till morning's lighter air
  Blows up from far.—
Day, thou art wondrous fair
  By sun or star !

78 *The Navigators*

The pageant of the pilgrims of the sea :
Ship followed ship, high poop and antique mast.
The Vikings' shielded oars moved sounding past,
And Saxon and Plantagenet argosy.
Drake I beheld, new-risen from bended knee
Of knighthood, Raleigh, of that great race the last,
Anson and Cook, from southern waters vast,
And Franklin, from his frozen shroud made free.
Then I had vision of their heritage,
The sea-like rivers, wharved with living pine,
Broad lands behind a thousand leagues of coast,
Prairie and lake, of the old diluvian age ;
And, as they faded, like a mid-watch sign,
The Cape of Hope stood with the heavenly host.

79 *Simon Van der Stel*

Southward ever the Dutchmen steered,
  Southward with right good will.
No more the sea-worn sailor feared
  The Cape of Table Hill.
No longer frowned the savage land
  With famine fierce and fell,
For bounteous were the heart and hand
  Of Simon van der Stel.

Not as the rest for greed of spoil,
  He ruled by Table Bay.
In new-built barn and seeded soil
  His little kingdom lay.
Cornfield and garden, oak and vine,
  He loved and tended well.
'Who plants a tree is friend of mine,'
  Quoth Simon van der Stel.

All in a pleasant vale was laid
The dorp that bears his name,
With bough of fruit and leaf of shade
To bless the founder's aim.
Here oft he sat in simple state,
A kindly tale to tell,
And children kept the birthday fête
Of Simon van der Stel.

Yet not beside the guarded Cape
His narrowed fancy dwelt ;
Not only in the golden grape
Was all the flame he felt.
He knew the thought that feeds and fills,
The ceaseless northward spell ;
Three hundred miles to the Copper Hills
Rode Simon van der Stel.

The exiles of the frugal French
A southern refuge sought ;
He bade them prove, by hedge and trench,
The skill their fathers taught.
He watched his race of sturdy boers,
He saw their numbers swell ;
' Send wives for lusty bachelors,'
Wrote Simon van der Stel.

Full thirty years her quiet charm
The Cape-land o'er him cast,
Till at Constantia's favoured farm
He turned to rest at last.
The builders from the Haarlem wreck
Dug deep and founded well ;
But chief of all their work to deck
Was Simon van der Stel.

True statesmen of that elder day,
The Dutchman's praise be thine !
Nor lesser claim need Britons lay
To kinship of thy line.
Two races at our councils sit,
One nation yet to dwell ;
And both are heirs, by worth and wit,
Of Simon van der Stel.

80 *Two Homelands*

By the warm hearthstone and the Yule-tree's blaze
They hailed their southern exile home again.
'Welcome,' they cried, 'up from the under-main
Where the close wind makes heavy with hot haze
Our festival of days.
Have not thy sun-worn comrades hither sent
Their souls on shipboard, and are with thee still
Here while the lattice wears its ornament
Of frost-work, and bright snow is on the sill ?'

He answered not ; but from the Afric sea
He saw white reef and iron headland rise :
Mountains beyond, which, when the quick day dies,
Stand pearl-like, and some single hill-top tree
Holds nightly leagues in fee,
Wide as the bed where some old ocean lay,
Where sand-drift spreads, and the drowned rivers bend,
Through the broad land of noon and spaces grey
His vision pierced, nor ever found an end.

81 *Old St. Thomas' Churchyard, Durban*

No English willow for our English dead ;
The soft flamboyant shades their southern sleep.
In the spare grass syringa blooms are shed,
And lithe virginias creep
Over the stone where the swift lizards tread.
The rose is here, but with a faint perfume ;
And, standing 'thwart the hedge, the kafir-boom
Holds in mid-air its tufts of poppy red.

Worship has gone, but Peace has never left
The church deserted, with the toppling tower
And the dead creeper. Time can make no theft
Of her unpassing hour,
For Time in this retreat seems wing-bereft.
The world is all apart—far, far away
The eyes scarce catch the shapes of Bluff and Bay,
Where tree and gable leave an opening cleft.

Slowly the great gate opens, as 'twere loth
To yield its sombre pathways to our tread ;
Slowly we saunter, reading thro' thick growth
The records of the dead.
The spirit of the place demands an oath
Of silence and of endless quietness.
Yet many here on whom the lilies press
Had little space for reverie or sloth.

Far-off at times they seem—and yet how near,
Those days of simpler manner, sterner life :
The settler-days of hatchet, gun, and spear,
Of hardship and of strife.
Labour and action try the pioneer,
But not the heartache easier dreamers know,
Else had he never built and founded so,
Nor we, who follow, traced his footsteps here.

Strange temple ! where the savage horde of old
Raised their round huts, and cleared their tilling-
place,
Now thou hast rest and slumber to enfold
Those of another race.
Does peace come never till the pulse be cold ?
Here, surely, could the living find her too.
Yet must we win her—there is much to do,
And this land's charter still but half-unrolled.

Lo ! evening falls ; far over Mariannhill
The sunset hangs, and the rich after-glow
Sets the dark woods on fire ; the air is still,
The grey bats come and go,
A thousand insects chirp in chorus shrill,
The fire-fly wanders with its elfin light ;
And the young moon grows on the speedy night
That gathers round us ere we leave the hill.

LEONARD FLEMING

82 *The Wind at Dawn*

There is a wind that very softly passes
Over the earth before the break of day,
Rustling the reeds and forest leaves and grasses,
Rippling the waters that so tranquil lay.
Over the plains and swiftly through the hollows,
Whispering lowly of the coming morn,
It passes with a trembling touch—then follows
The solemn silence that precedes the dawn.

It is a wind that coldly comes, and sighing,
For it has met and taken in its flight
The breath of those the sunset had left dying,
And all the souls that have been freed at night.

It is a wind that wakes a world all sleeping,
The sighing of a night that fades away,
And, with the night's dark secrets in its keeping,
Passes beyond—and heralds in the day.

EDWARD BAUNTON FORD

83 *'Mother Most Dear'*

Mother most dear, long is the path but plain,
The length of Africa, the length of Spain—
A thousand lonely leagues of tropic blue,
And then across the cold grey Bay to you
And all the sweet home-scented things again.

Here have I gleaned no gold but other grain,
A welcome life, firm friends—but exile too,
And in all joys to feel the touch of pain,
Mother most dear.

Too long the distant years have cleft us twain,
Many new things I do, and some are vain—
Yet still I bring them to your judgment true,
Ever my thoughts stand at your knee and sue
That you may shape their form across the main,
Mother most dear.

84 *Tiphaine La Fee*

The whispered spells your red lips stain,
You know the dismal crafts of night,
You gather herbs 'neath Charles's Wain,
And love the sultry planet's light:
So you shall stand in sheeted white,
Your smoke go rolling o'er the plain,
For gaping village fools a sight—
Oh, are you witch or fay, Tiphaine?

I watched you in the cowslip lane
Weaving a golden chaplet rare,
I heard you lilt a quaint refrain,
And saw the crowning of your hair :
Your gown was green, your feet were bare,
Your hands were such as smooth out pain,
You looked most virginal and fair—
Oh, are you witch or fay, Tiphaine ?

The cauldron's glow ? The nightshade's bane ?
Or fairy-dancings on the sands ?
The ducking-pond ? The sheriff's train ?
Or mistress of my name and lands ?
Some day I 'll catch, I 'll bind your hands,
Clasp round your neck the iron chain—
Or, may be, I 'll use silken bands—
Oh, are you witch or fay, Tiphaine ?

Envoi

Lady, I take my risk and woo,
But naught, methinks, will e'er explain,
Or draw the secret out of you—
Oh, are you witch or fay, Tiphaine ?

FYDELL EDMUND GARRETT

85 *Inventory*

Health, success, adventure, the rainbow fortune
Dreamed, desired, half-held and resigned with a sigh—
Middle-aged I bid you, whom youths importune,
Hail, bright wings ! and good-bye.

Not, assuredly, in a fever-witted
Fling, sham-stoic, at failure or at disease ;
Only I smile that, lacking you, should be pitied
One who possesses these :

English birthright, in this the old builder island's
Keystone age : a cause to carry uphill
Making each workday trudge a bid for the highlands :
Friends : and just one gift still.

86 *The Last Trek*

Who comes, to sob of slow-breathed guns borne past
In solemn pageant ? This is he that threw
Challenge to England. From the veld he drew
A strength that bade her sea-strength pause, aghast,
Before the bastions vast
And infinite redoubts of the Karoo.

' Pass, friend ! ' who living were so stout a foe,
Unquelled, unwon, not uncommiserate !
The British sentry at Van Riebeck's gate
Salutes you, and as once three years ago
The crowd moves hushed and slow,
And silence holds the city desolate.

The long last trek begins. Now something thrills
Our English hearts, that, unconfessed and dim,
Drew Dutch hearts north, that April day, with him
Whose grave is hewn in the eternal hills.
The war of these two wills
Was as the warring of the Anakim.

What might have been, had these two been at one ?
Or had the wise old peasant, wiser yet,
Taught strength to mate with freedom and beget
The true republic, nor, till sands had run,
Gripped close as Bible and gun
The keys of power, like some fond amulet ?

He called to God for storm ; and on his head—
Alas ! not his alone—the thunders fell.
But not by his own text, who ill could spell,
Nor in our shallow scales shall he be weighed,
Whose dust, lapped round with lead,
To shrill debate lies inaccessible.

Bred up to beard the lion, youth and man
He towered the great chief of a little folk ;
Till, once, the scarred old hunter missed his stroke,
And by the blue Mediterranean
Pined for some brackish pan
Far south, self-exiled, till the tired heart broke.

So ends the feud. Death gives for those cold lips
Our password. Home, then ! by the northward way
He trod with heroes of the trek, when they
On seas of desert launched their waggon-ships.
The dream new worlds eclipse
Yet shed a glory through their narrower day.

Bear home your dead ; nor from our wreaths recoil,
Sad Boers ; like some rough foster-sire shall he
Be honoured by our sons, co-heirs made free
Of Africa, like yours, by blood and toil,
And proud that British soil,
Which bore, received him back in obsequy.

87 *Inscriptions*

I

Tell England, you that pass our monument,
Men who died serving Her rest here, content.

II

Together, sundered once by blood and speech,
Joined here in equal muster of the brave,
Lie Boer and Briton, foes each worthy each :
May peace strike root into their common grave,
And blossoming where the fathers fought and died,
Bear fruit for sons that labour side by side.

III

Where'er I fall, like yonder ripped
  Old elm, there lay me ; so but one
Small brass hang where the solemn crypt
  Gives respite from the Cape Town sun,
Hard by the hurrying street, alive
  With strength and youth : 'tis all I claim,
That where the heart is, there survive
  The dust and shadow of a name.

PERCIVAL GIBBON

88 *The Voorloopers*

They hasten to their heritage,
  The guerdon of their days,
To labour long and wearily
  For scanty gold or praise ;
To toil unseen and overmuch,
  And if their meed be fame,
To carve themselves an epitaph
  To mark their place and name.

They hasten to their heritage,
The right to bridge and build,
To serve among the journeymen,
To suffer with the guild ;
To plan the work and found it fair,
And ere 'tis gable-high,
To pass the trowel to the next,
And turn aside to die.

They hasten to their heritage,
The tender and the tried ;
Each tide beholds them outward bound,
God wot, the field is wide.
They bring the best of heart and hand,
Of blood, and breed, and birth ;
Their graves upon our frontiers lie
To testify their worth.

They hasten to their heritage,
The feeble and the fain ;
They bring the best of youth and hope
To garner age and pain,
To glean the dole of little thanks,
To suffer and be dumb,
To die when duty names the man—
And still their cohorts come !

89 *Mimosa*

The bloom of the mimosa
Between your lips and me
Withholds you like a lattice
Of golden filigree.

The thorns of the mimosa
  Between your breast and me
Are like the blades of vengeance
  That guard the Eden tree.

The breach in the mimosa
  That gives your lips to me
Is like the breath of blessing
  That sets the spirit free.

The scent of the mimosa
  That rains on you and me
Is like a dear remembrance
  Of bliss that used to be.

90 *The Veld*

Cast the window wider, sonny ;
Let me see the veld
Rolling grandly to the sunset
Where the mountains melt,
With the sharp horizon round it,
Like a silver belt.

Years and years I 've trekked across it,
Ridden back and fore,
Till the silence and the glamour
Ruled me to the core :
No man ever knew it better ;
None could love it more.

There 's a balm for crippled spirits
In the open view,
Running from your very footsteps
Out into the blue,
Like a wagon track to heaven,
Straight 'twixt God and you.

There 's a magic, soul-compelling,
In the boundless space,
And it grows upon you, sonny,
Like a woman's face,
Passionate and pale and tender,
With a marble grace.

There 's the sum of all religion
In its mightiness ;
Wingèd truths, beyond your doubting,
Close about you press.
God is greater in the open ;
Little man is less.

There 's a voice pervades its stillness,
Wonderful and clear ;
Tongues of prophets and of angels,
Whispering far and near,
Speak an everlasting gospel
To the spirit's ear.

There 's a sense you gather, sonny,
In the open air ;
Shift your burden ere it break you :
God will take His share.
Keep your end up for your own sake ;
All the rest 's His care.

There 's a promise, if you need it,
For the time to come ;
All the veld is loud and vocal
Where the Bible 's dumb.
Heaven 's paved with gold for parsons,
But it 's grassed for some.

There 's a spot I know of, sonny,
Yonder by the stream ;
Bushes handy for the fire,
Water for the team.
By the old home outspan, sonny,
Let me lie and dream.

91 *Komani*

Runs Komani ever ?
Weep the willows still ?
Gleam the grass-fires nightly
Wreathed upon the hill ?
Comes the summer singing ?
Tiptoes yet the spring ?
Tell me of Komani—
Tell me everything.

For yonder by Komani
I left my lady fair,
Who smiled for ever under
Her aureole of hair—
Smiled and would not hearken,
Heard and would not smile.
I turned me from Komani
A long and weary while.

Often by Komani
I heard my lady's name
Amid the tinkling ripples,
And is it still the same ?
Or goes Komani voiceless
Where music used to be,
Forgetful of my lady,
As once she was of me ?

CULLEN GOULDSBURY

92 *The Pace of the Ox*

What do we know (and what do we care) of Time and
his silver scythe ?
Since there is always time to spare so long as a man's
alive :
The world may come, and the world may go, and the
world may whistle by,
But the Pace of the Ox is steady (and slow), and life
is a lullaby.

What do we know of the city's scorn, the hum of the
world amaze,
Hot-foot haste, and the fevered dawn, and forgotten
yesterdays ?
Men may strain and women may strive in busier lands
to-day,
But the Pace of the Ox is the pace to thrive in the
land of veld and vlei.

Crimson dawn in the Eastern sky, purple glow in the West,
Thus it is that the days go by, bringing their meed of
rest—
The future 's hidden behind the veil, and the past—is
still the past—
But the Pace of the Ox is the sliding scale that measures
our work at last.

The song of the ships is far to hear, the hum of the world
is dead,
And lotus-life in a drowsy year our benison instead ;
Why should we push the world along, live in a whirl of
flame,
When the Pace of the Ox is steady and strong, and the
end is just the same ?

93 *The Shadow Girl*

Down by the well she stood, a Shadow-Girl
  Carved out of ebony, against a sky
Of crimson, blue, dull gold, and soft grey pearl
  Where baby clouds hung low and drifted by
    Athwart the rising whiteness of the moon,
    And ever came the cadence of the tune
  That throbs at twilight when the world 's asigh.

Only a shade amid the shadows, she,
  Silent and slender, supple and serene—
A maiden from the Land of Used-to-Be.
  A dusky, heathen goddess, that had been
    Brought back by the forgotten hand of Fate,
    Out of the World of Shadows, through the gate
  That frowns betwixt Man and Eternity.

Nude as a statue, save the strip that graced
  Her woman's modesty—a dappled hide
Tricked out with gaudy beads, that clasped her waist,
  Gay bangles at her wrists, and naught beside—
    Only a child, were she of lighter hue,
    And yet, it seemed, one gazed at her, and knew
  That Grief and she had learnt what might betide.

Only a child—that is, as children go
  Among the White Man's womankind—and still
Her fate was settled in the long ago—
  Brought forth, and bought, and sold, she 'd learnt the will
    Of some lean, blanket-swaddled, human swine—
    Weighed in the balance with the weight of kine,
  This Woman-child had learnt life's good—and ill.

Ah, well, her Gods have learnt their trade, no doubt ;
What must be, must—and is—and there 's an end !
Only, it seems, perhaps, that round about
In dusty corners, there is much to mend—
Down in the shadows of her dusky eyes
Methought I caught a glimpse of sacrifice,
A kind of dull, dumb yearning for a friend.

'Twas but an instant that I watched her so,
And then the dim soft twilight seemed to curl
Around about the place—the afterglow
Put off its robe of blue and gold and pearl—
The stars peeped out up in the distant sky,
And swinging up her brimming gourd on high,
Into the shadows fled my Shadow-Girl.

ARTHUR VINE HALL

94 *Singsingetjie*

Sing, Singsingetjie, sing, sing, sing,
Sing the song of the sun !
On high where the blue and the pine-tops meet ;
Sing, sing, sing, in the fragrant heat ;
While the golden hammers of noontide beat
On shimmering veld and dusty street—
Sing, Singsingetjie, sing.

Sing, Singsingetjie, sing, sing, sing,
Sing the song of the sun !
After the long years underground,
With the cold damp darkness all around ;
Sing the glory of sunlight found ;
Sing till the krantzes and kloofs resound—
Sing, Singsingetjie, sing.

Sing, Singsingetjie, sing, sing, sing,
Sing the song of the sun!
Sing as under the Grecian blue
You sang when the harp-string snapped, and few
Of all who acclaimed the harper knew
The missing notes were supplied by you—
Sing, Singsingetjie, sing!

Sing, Singsingetjie, sing, sing, sing,
Sing the song of the sun!
Many harps have a broken string;
The note that is lost is the note you bring—
The note of joy for the common thing;
The sun in the sky, the bird on the wing—
Sing, Singsingetjie, sing!

95 *In the Gardens*

Hot noon; I sought the shaded Gardens where
Grey dreams of books; and Rhodes, with outstretched hand
Is pointing ever to the Hinterland.
I loitered by the lilied pool; while there
An agèd coloured woman came to share
Her crust with the gold-liveried finny band.
She talked as if the fish could understand.
Of me, among the shadows, not aware.

'One poor old mother thirteen children rears;
But thirteen children cannot keep one mother!
You are my children now; you love me, dears,
And look for me each day—I know you do.
What pleasure now is left me? Not another!
Only your love for me, and mine for you.'

96 *From 'Table Mountain'*

. . . . . .

Near to the wind-swept summit is a dell
Where many gentle flowers securely dwell :—
The crimson Disas, hovering o'er the springs,
Gaze with delight upon their mirrored wings ;
While darlings of the dell, in bonnets blue,
(Their little sisters) coyly peep at you.
Veined with hot lava seems the krantz, ablaze
With Crassula ; around trembles a haze
Of softer tint, like orchards in the spring
With peach abloom, for tall sword-lilies swing
Chains of bright lamps to light for faery feet
Dim mossy ways of many a winding street.
Here the Harveya waits, a lady pale,
Muffled in perfume of her creamy veil—
Unmeet for earthly ways ; Lobelias too,
That mimic heaven in flakes of zenith-blue.
And who is here ? 'Hail to thee, rose-clad queen ! '
The first Nerine—with a golden sheen
Like sun-dust on her robe of royalty.
Blue Agapanthus hold a canopy
Above her ; starry Immortelles around
Her stand ; and honied Heaths—enchanted ground !
From whence a little stream, in treble clear,
Sings to the listening flowers : I pause to hear . . .

97 *The Brothers*

Two brothers, one—bold, thoughtless, generous, just,
Born for the chase, hating the city's throng,
A shaggy colt, unbroken, swift and strong.
The other—tame, a mother's son, the lust

Of new adventure never lightly thrust
Him into dangerous path. Smooth was he, sly,
And slippery as snakes that slide or lie
In seeming innocence, beguiling trust.

Yet God chose Jacob! Does He such appoint
To win the heavenly knighthood? build with lies
A name eternal? cowardice anoint
To serve Him? No; but the great Sculptor's eyes,
Passing the sandstone by, do rather choose
Marble begrimed. *This* He will cleanse and use.

98 *From 'Round the Camp Fire'*

. . . . .

Memory, the wizard, weaves a spell!
I see the town of van der Stel.
The faces and the firelight fade
To avenues of sun and shade.
One small bright cloud sails slowly by,
Down the blue river of the sky.
Here it is 'always afternoon'!
Singsingetjes; the tender croon
Of doves; hardly another sound.
A scholar passes, capped and gowned.
The dappled sunlight seems to fall
Caressingly on whitened wall,
And curving gable, shutters green,
And warm brown thatch, and road between
Old oaks that dream forgotten dreams,
Drowsing to tinkle of the streams
On either hand, that glint and flow
As in the days of long ago.
In eager talk two horsemen pass:
Surely the one is Adam Tas!

The other Hercules du Pre.
'Twere well in lower tones to say
What some might overhear and tell
To Willem Adrian van der Stel.
From yonder stoep a welcome waves ;
They are dismounting ; to the slaves
Their horses give ; are greeting now
' Preemakker Bek ' and smiling vrou ;
Beneath the trellised vine they sit ;
The neighbours gather ; pipes are lit :
' Coffee or wine—which shall it be ?
Or dare you try a dish of tea—
The China drink ? ' Long, long ago !
But little change two centuries know
In this fair home of studious peace. . . .

WILLIAM HAMILTON

99 *The Flower*

This flower upon the hillside holds
The sweetness of all poets who write ;
Within its bosom it enfolds
The secret of their glad delight.

A slender thing upon the grass,
Yet fragrant as a maiden's breath ;
Perfuming the winds that pass,
Unquenched by them as Song by Death.

It grows beside a tended grave,
And when I see thus spread the plan
Of Life, I ruminate how brave
And slender like this weed is Man.

For on the verge of dark despair
There springs the flower of Hope anew,
And Death and Laughter mingle there
Like morning sun on night-time dew.

A day—and this frail flower I sing
May be downtrodden under foot :
Yet, in a season, Joy shall spring
From its imperishable root.

100 *The Song of an Exile*

I HAVE seen the Cliffs of Dover
And the White Horse on the Hill ;
I have walked the lanes, a rover ;
I have dreamed beside the rill :
I have known the fields awaking
To the gentle touch of Spring ;
The joy of morning breaking,
And the peace your twilights bring.
But I long for a sight of the pines, and the blue shadows under ;
For the sweet-smelling gums, and the throbbing of African air ;
For the sun and the sand, and the sound of the surf's ceaseless thunder,
The height, and the breadth and the depth, and the nakedness there !

I have visited your cities
Where the unregenerate dwell ;
I have trilled the ploughman's ditties
To the mill-wheel and the well.
I have heard the poised lark's singing
To the blue of summer's skies ;
The whirr of pheasants winging,
And the crash when grouse arise.

But I sigh for the heat of the veld, and the cool-flowing river ;
For the crack of the trek-whip, the shimmer of dust-laden noon :
For the day sudden dying ; the croak of the frogs, and the shiver
Of tropical night, and the stars, and the low hanging moon.

I have listened in the gloaming
To your poets' tales of old ;
I know, when I am roaming,
That I walk on hallowed mould.
I have lived and fought among you
And I trow your hearts are steel ;
That the nations who deride you
Shall, like dogs, be brought to heel.

But I pine for the roar of the lion on the edge of the clearing ;
For the rustle of grass snake ; the birds' flashing wing in the heath :
For the sun-shrivelled peaks of the mountains to blue heaven rearing ;
The limitless outlook, the space, and the freedom beneath.

MADELINE HOLLAND

101 *Noontide*

In the shade
Of a grey granite boulder my saddle is laid,
And I tether my horse to a blossoming bush,
And rest on the ground in the still drowsy hush
Of the shade.

In the noon
Is the stillness of Nature primeval ; the swoon
Is broken at last by the wakening whirr
Of a locust, and creaking cicadas astir
In the noon.

In the sun
The limitless spaces of grass have begun
To ripen like corn to the edge of the sky,
To crackle and whisper, to murmur and sigh
In the sun.

While the stream
Flows along through the rushes with glitter and gleam,
By the slippery rocks where to-night in the cool
The reedbuck and duiker shall drink at the pool
By the stream.

Overhead
The boughs of a flat-topped acacia are spread,
And a pallid euphorbia, towering high,
Lifts fingers of blessing that point to the sky
Overhead.

There is peace
In this utter remoteness ; a healing surcease
Of the fret of mankind ; the horizon so wide,
So solemn and still, leaves the heart satisfied
With its peace.

It is prayer,
This knowledge of oneness with Nature. I dare
In this infinite solitude, virgin and grand,
To feel God is near, to acknowledge His hand.
It is prayer.

102 *The Pioneer*

Ulysses ploughed the fruitless wave, he strove in wars forlorn,
Yet turned him home at length to rest, though grey and battle-worn,
His soul at peace and satisfied with all that he had seen
Of lands remote and distant seas and nameless stars serene.

But I shall die where I have fought, and deem my lot is best ;
We hold the hills, we made the roads, to North and East and West ;
Our eyes have seen the promised land, our feet have crossed her streams,
And she shall rear a sturdy race, the Nation of our Dreams.

The heat and burden of the day we bore through death and pain ;
We watched and fasted and we toiled that later folk may gain ;
By granite hill, by grassy plain, by wooded river side,
We gave with both hands what we had ; (may God forgive our pride !)

From scattered graves a band arise, and goodly ghosts are they
Of bronzed and shirt-sleeved gentlemen who watch our work to-day.
Alone and great the Founder, the Friend who understood,
Walks in our midst upon his land and sees that it is good.

Ulysses, spent with wandering, went home to die at last ;
But here I fought and here I toiled and here my lot is cast,
Here have I loved and greatly lived, and here, by these grey stones,
My sunburnt sons, my Native-born, shall lay their father's bones.

103 *Night in the Valley*

Through the long and waving grass, like cornfields spreading fair,
Comes a whisper, comes a murmur, comes a breath of air.
All the night is silent, leagues of silence round me lie,
Golden grass and golden moonlight sleep beneath the sky.
Silence, moonlight ; moonlight, silence ; all alone am I.

Moonlight flows, a gleaming tide, o'er rolling hill and vale,
Bathes a kopje and the hut with splendour stilly pale,
Sprays about the grassy rocks in streaks and splashes bright,
Lies in pools between the shadows, floods me with its light.
Waiting, watching ; watching, waiting ; in the silent night.

Far adown the yellow valley night begins to wake ;
One owl hoots, a buck is calling, frogs their chorus make.
Breezes come and lightly rustle, rustle soft and die,
Flat-topped trees on broad horizons stand as still as I.
Rustle lightly ; lightly rustle ; comes my lover nigh ?

WILLIAM ELIJAH HUNTER

104 *Death's Silence*

Nor death I fear,
If this be death
Cold at my breast ;
But, O, my darlings, lest
In some great hour
Of sorest need,
Of bitterest pain,
Ye call on me,
And I not hear,
Or hear in vain,
Having no power
To speak one word
That might break thro'
Death's silence, and be heard
And known of you.

105 *Origen's Dream*

Belted with stars and with a crown of stars,
Stars, emptied of their glory, soiled and dim,
Methought in my strange dream, the Tempter stood,
Upon an adamantine reef, beset
By Hell's fierce sea, that glowed like molten brass,
And ever tow'rds him yearned, as yearn the tides
Of earth and set for ever tow'rds the moon.
Awhile he gazed upon the creeping flood,
And, gazing, wrapped yet closer to his heart
His mighty wings, as if to ease its pain :
Then lifted to the sky his worn, scarred face
And cried :—
' The fulness of my time is come !
O God, Thou knowest all my sin, and all

That I have suffered for my sin Thou knowest,
And all my words Thou knowest ere I speak ;
And yet I speak, this once, before I sink,
To rise no more for ever from the Lake,
If so Thou hast decreed it—Thou—the God—
And therefore, though an unfamiliar voice
It is that pleads to Thee, O hear it yet !
And if Thou can'st not hear me for my prayer,
Yet for the sake of Him I would not name,
Thy Son at Thy right hand, who pleads for all,
Hear Thou my prayer and grant it for His sake.'
Speaking, he had unzoned him of his stars,
And taken from his brow his crown of stars,
And now tow'rds Heaven held them in his hands ;
And still he prayed :—
' Receive thy fallen ones !
O God, receive and save !
I would not bear them to Eternal Death,
So fails my purpose in this Hour of Doom.
Thine are they still, tho' fallen !—Thine,
Even as yonder stars that clave to Thee,
When war was waged in Heaven for my sin,
Whereof this ruin came. Mine was the sin,
And only theirs thro' mine, therefore alone
On me let vengeance fall ! But breathe on these
The breath of life, and they shall live to Thee
That now to Thee are dead, and let Thy light
Shine forth upon them till again they shine
Resplendent as at first, and wash them, Lord,
Pure in Thy love, and they shall all be pure.
Unto Thyself uplift them ! Give them place
To do Thee service, where Thy will is done
By all that serve Thee, as by Thine Own Self,
In perfect freedom : even such they were,
But I, to whom they clave, for whom they fell,
Despoiled them of their strength, of light bereaved,

And now they perish, blind, and effortless,
Yea, perish, even in repentant hands,
That strive to speed them forth.—
Restore them! make them whole!—Thou hast the power!
And, if there must be suffering in their stead,
Add to my woes, the woe that should be theirs.
Lo! I am strong to bear, but these are weak.'

He ceased—and aided by a power divine
The stars moved upward to the feet of God:
He ceased—and on his upturned face there fell
From Heaven a glory, and I knew him not.

In that same hour the Son delivered up
Sceptre and Kingdom to His Father's hand;
Whereat the Voice Omnipotent was heard—
Earth, Hell, and Heaven heard, and Death and Time,
And passed away for ever at that Voice,
And the New Heavens and New Earth arose,
And all the Spirits of the Blessed were there,
In order ranged before a crystal throne,
Sovran, immaculate, whose summit bore
The mercy-seat of God, and on whose steps
The Guardian Angels of the Universe
Stood hushed, like silent shepherds numbering
Their flocks, followed and sought for long, but now
Brought home from straying in the wilderness.
—So did those Shepherds number them, and found
That they were all that e'er had lived, not one
Was wanting, lost, of that great multitude:
And all was pure and perfect in God's light,
Within, without: and God was All in All.

106 *Spring*

Young spring goes shouting through the woodlands wild,
Crowned with green buds like some rejoicing child,
While ever and anon from out the sky
A cuckoo answers to the urchin's cry.

107 *As on a Hidden Voyage*

As on a hidden voyage fast confined
A captive in his dungeon hears forlorn
Free winds and waves, and muffled voices borne
From fleeting shores unknown, soon left behind ;
And hearing beats against his narrow walls,
And strives to pierce them, that the moving skies
May lay his path in light before his eyes ;
So hears my fettered soul, at intervals,
An outer world breathe near, and tries the bond
And compass of her prison, seeking still
To force some secret port, from whose wide sill
She, haply, might look forth on light beyond,
And see, for weal or woe, in Truth's pure ray,
The mystery of Life's Voyage wane away.

108 *Margaret*

Maidens, on this narrow bed
Drop the flowers, but do not tread :
All that earth knew how to keep
Of Margaret is fast asleep.
Underneath the sod it lies,
With death's darkness in those eyes
That were wont to show at dawn
Blue depths where our light was born :

For the radiant spirit flown
Still our hearts unceasing moan—
For the radiant inmate dear,
That for one elysian year
Tarried on the earth, to see
If it might fit dwelling be
For a guest as pure as she.
Then affrighted (woe the day !)
On swift wings she fled away
To that country laying far,
Where the other angels are—
Fled ! and left us nothing, save
To protect this little grave,
Which we keep, for love of her,
Ever unprofaned and fair.
Softly on her sacred bed
Scatter flowers, but do not tread.

109 *Aspiration*

Lone Mountaineer !
Scaling those virgin heights of knowledge few
Have dared essay,
O, swerve not, thou, for peril of the way
Uncharted and austere,
Nor barriers vast, that far-off to thy view
Seem unsurmountable, for day by day
A path will open as thou drawest near ;
And in the time of famine thou shalt feed
On Heavenly manna ; for thy noonday need
A fountain sweet
Shall bubble at thy feet ;
And in thy sorest weariness an arm unseen
Reach forth to thee whereon to lean.
Lo, too ! a gleam divine,
E'en in thy darkest hours, shall shine

Upon that inner sense whereby
We may alone descry
Realities our outward eyes are blind to and deny.
And as thou climbest on and on,
From height to height,
The clouds shall fall away, and baffled lie
Fading, unheeded, and afar;
While one by one,
Star after star,
The vanguard bright
Of constellations new and fair, arise
To throng at length for thee the ever-wid'ning skies.
Yea! — Yet whate'er betide, the fleeing nymph pursue,
The Goddess Truth, to her be wholly true,
Toiling undaunted upward towards her secret shrine.

DAVID MORRISON JACOBS

110 *From 'Veld'*

The sun is up, so come with me,
And take the chestnut mare,
We 'll ride ten leagues and more to see
A sight to end despair,
For the rains have set the grasses free,
And the Veld blows green and fair!

The long dry months are passed away,
The dun of the Veld-world gone,
For in this land it takes a day
To see what the rains have done,
And mock no man if given to pray
For the heavenly benison!

O 'tis the time to dare each spruit,
The boter-bloem a-blowing,
And blossoms pink that speak of fruit,
In three months mellow showing,
For the rains soak vlei and the rains fill sluit,
And the sheep-grass quickly growing !

. . . . . .

III *Shall I Forget?*

Shall I forget the meadowlands of Home ?
The hedgerows freshest in the misty morn ?
The cool green quietudes where cattle roam ?
The long weird twilights dying on the corn ?
Or shall I cease to haunt—because afar,
'Neath burning skies I clutch the troublous gold—
The magic dells where English violets are ?
The elfin bluebells on the Saxon wold ?

The seas divide, and yet, by memory led,
I walk once more the old familiar lane,
Amid the hawthorn blossoming white and red,
And migrant swallows stealing back again.
And lo ! I reach the hamlet of my dreams,
Each gabled cottage with a portico,
Where rosebuds peep and honeysuckle streams,
And gates unbar to let in long-ago.

And peace, to drown experience, is there,
Till, like a child, with simple lips I sing,
For who, amidst the roses, can despair,
Or evil know of any living thing ?
Come, memory, and lead me home again !
But one short hour away from scheme and fret
To live my youth anew, to mortgage pain,
And with the daisies lose a life's regret.

GEORGE KETT

112 *Autumn Leaves*

The nodding zephyr threads the copse
In the dreamy autumn weather;
And they drift—the green leaf and the brown—
Down the woodland stream together.

The clouds glide softly overhead,
And the day is sweet, and still—
Come back, O days, O loves that are dead,
And let us work our will!

Too late—they drift to a shoreless sea,
Down the woodland stream together:
With never a will, and with never a word,
In the golden autumn weather.

113 *From 'The Spoilers'*

. . . Now since slackened rein,
For that rough way wherethrough we won the caves,
Our steeds had cooled, a breathing-space we drew,
Till they should drink; then by that bounding wall—
Half swimming, and half fording—nigh a league
Brushed, till we felt the shore shoal, that we rose
Dripping from out those deeps. Right glad, once more
Firm earth to find for footing, our fleet steeds—
Cool-flanked from that fresh water—spurned the way,
With eager bounding stride, bits lipped, and heads
Which tossed, and shook, as they would take the ground—
Straining our shortened reins, to bolt with us,
Whose arms grew weary holding; but—trained afield
With touch, and voice caressed, their pride we wore,

And broke them to command ; then, cantered on,
Ambling, with measured stride ; and so came through
Over against that fall found entering—
Now thwart our bridle hand—and knew the gleam
Which leapt within its bound, and lit the dome,
A beam from outer day. Imagineless,
Sheer through that hollow mountain, one huge shaft
Upward shot, narrowing ever, till its far mouth
Shone like a rounded moon, and here the light
Held entrance ; while below it, at half height,
Flashed those fierce waters from their wild bourne out,
Foaming and bellowing, with a thunderous roar,
That drowned all lesser voice ; not wildest whoop,
Availed against their tumult : though we tried,
No sound woke ; but we turned us there amazed,
Muted, from wave to man, from man to wave,
Stunned. . . .

114 *From 'The Divine Tragedy'*

(*Enter Servant, L. rear.*)

Servant. Without the traitor waits
Who to Gethsemane's garden brought our band.

Caiaphas. What would he here ?

(*Judas is seen bursting in, behind servant.*)

Judas. I have betrayed the Blood—
The innocent Blood !

Caiaphas. The Council 's closed !

Crier. The Council 's closed !

Caiaphas. What is that unto us ? See thou to that.

(*Judas casts down the thirty pieces of silver.*)

(*Exeunt the Sanhedrim, L. Judas comes outside, R.*)

Judas. How bright the stars look, and how sweet the air !
'Tis good of God, that my last hour should show
So fair and peaceful—for it is the last.

My heart is hell. Each common thing remains,
As all my life I 've known it ; and each great :
There 's nothing changed. If nothing then be changed,
Can I have damned me past deliverance ?
I hear without the voices of the men,
The maids, I 've known from childhood : day by day
With whom I 've walked, and all too careless played.
There 's life and light before them. I must plunge
Into the plumbless deep. How can it be
That I, who speak, within this hour must leave
Form, flesh, warm breath, and all life's needs and joys,
And pass—a flickering spirit ? Whither to go,
And what to find, I know not. All stands firm—
This is the High Priest's palace, these the walls
That I have daily gone by, and beyond,
The Temple's swelling dome ; like some huge breast
Bared to the stars ! 'Twill tremble by-and-by
Unto the dawn : but I shall never wake
To see another. He who hath betrayed
The innocent Blood hath there betrayed himself,
And by himself is doomed for it. Soon I start
Along that path that knoweth no return.
Let me take yet another look on all—
Before I leave it. How can earth show so fair ?
As there is blood below, there should be war
Spilt upon heaven ! There 's war within my breast,
The silence creeps. . . .

EDITH KING

115 *Veld Pans*

They lie and dream in the chill of the dawn,
Mist covers their faces like curtains of lawn,
Till softly the sun lifts the curtains away,
And the pans, gleaming silver, awake to the day.

On wide veld-stretches like mirrors they lie ;
And stars, and the moon, and the clouds as they fly,
Gaze down at themselves for a moment, and pass
O'er the magic veld mirror, all framed by the grass.

They watch the passions of vanishing years ;
Strange secrets they hold, and the veld's bitter tears ;
Shy birds come about them, and fairy-like flowers
By the marge bloom and fade, in the steps of the hours.
When twilight falls, and the traveller no more
Can trace the faint roadway that stretches before,
Like opals they glow in the last of the light,
Which they silently hide in the lap of the night.

FREDERICK CHARLES KOLBE

116 *South Africa's Serenade to Poesy*

Come to the South, coy elfin Queen of Song.
Why dally with the faithless North so long ?
Greece lives no more, and Rome has had its day :
Florence bloomed twice, then sweetly passed away ;
Four times hath England wooed thee to remain ;
It cannot hope for more ; it begs in vain.
Come to the South.

The glamour of thy early haunts is gone.
Thy Muses sport no more on Helicon.
No dragon lurks for Phoebus' shafts to slay
Where now rock-born Castalian waters play.
No more can Roland's trump the welkin shake ;
Nor Arthur's mystic sword flash from the Lake.
Come to the South.

Thou Cleopatra of bewitching wiles !
Thou Beatricé of supernal smiles !
If thou bewitch, Mark Antony be we :
Or if thou smile, Dante on bended knee.
Whatever thy demand, we 'll pay the price,
Even to the uttermost of sacrifice.
Come to the South.

Come, if but once, a magic-circled spell,
A transient gleam of Puck or Ariel.
When thou art sated with our passion's prime,
Fly to the ardour of some fresher clime.
Fly, dainty spirit, once more fancy free,
But let us live one glorious hour with thee.
Come to the South.

117 '*Out of the Strong Came Forth Sweetness*'

Great Table Mountain, which I daily scan
With still increasing joy, this morn was framed
In a low rainbow Phoebus rightly aimed
Just to include the outline in its span.
And surely never since the world began
Was Nature's ruggedness more sweetly tamed.
Yet through my heart a sudden terror flamed ;
Heaven's smile more dread inspires than earthly ban.
Such is the alchemy of sun and rain :
Touching earth's choicest dream of loveliness,
It turned life's daily pleasure into awe.
And pray what meant it ? Nay, I cannot guess :
But all that is within me—soul, heart, brain—
Was dumbly glorified by what I saw.

118 *Wonderland*

In childhood's lively days, when sleep
Encircles us with magic band,
Through all the hours of darkness deep
We find ourselves in Wonderland.

When Love on Youth has put its yoke,
We, heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Ignore the world of careless folk
And spend our days in Wonderland.

Under the spell of heavenly things,
While others take on earth their stand,
We soar upon ideal wings
And lift ourselves to Wonderland.

To things that are from things that seem
We pass, and on the other strand
We find that after life's short dream
We really are in Wonderland.

119 *To a Lady of My Own Age*

You are as old as I, you say ?
This Love refuses to believe.
Once, long ago, the Fates in play
Our threads of life did interweave,
Then could not set the tangle free,
To split the years the dice they flung ;
Winter and autumn fall to me,
To you the summer and the spring.

120 *A Rainbow at Victoria Falls*

A CHILD, I chased the rainbow once, and wept
Because I could not reach its glorious ray.
In life's decline I stood amid the spray
Where all Zambesi down its gorges leapt ;
And as into the cloud I careless stept,
The rainbow forward moving came my way.
With round completed on the grass it lay,
And o'er my feet the rosy radiance crept.
So do we chase our fancies, and despair
At length of joys that made our youth so sweet :
Till, some day, God's ideal, now unsought,
Bodies itself in some diviner air,
And filling with its radiance all our thought
Completes its circle at our very feet.

DENYS LEFEBVRE

121 *Moonlight*

THE storm is spent, the wind has died away ;
Cool raindrops cling to trembling leaf and tree,
As one departing lingers—loath to stay—
And yet departing more unwillingly.
The clouds have vanished from the purpled sky
Before the footsteps of the rising moon
(The queen whose jewelled courtiers prostrate lie
Dazed by the splendour of her silvered shoon).
The earth beneath, half hidden, half revealed,
Breathes mellowed beauty where each faery beam
Bathes kloof and vlei and kraal and mealie-field,
And willows swaying sadly o'er a stream—
In light—wherein a mining shaft may seem
The angels' ladder of a poet's dream.

122 *Katrina*

From beneath her cotton ' kappie '
Bright grey eyes demurely shining,
Even-tempered, plump and happy,
Never groaning or repining—
Ach, Katrina !

Just one flaxen curl escaping,
From the primly fastened setting,
One of nature's make and shaping,
Yet a curl there 's no forgetting—
Ach, Katrina !

And such merry joyous laughter,
Rippling on with lilts and catches,
Charming once, and ever after ;
And a voice that—well, it matches !
Ach, Katrina !

When I offer her a posy,
She regards me, half-beguiling,
With a cheek becoming rosy,
Looks provoking, coyly smiling—
Ach, Katrina !

' Dat is mooi ; ja dat is prachtig !
Foei ! your heart is torn with sorrow ?
Sis toch ! malkop ! (allemachtig !)
Dag, mynheer—until to-morrow.'
Ach, Katrina !

123 *Oom Paul*

Cast in a rugged shape, an iron mould,
Untaught, unlettered, and yet strangely wise
In reading men—their lust for power or gold
Standing revealed before those shrewd old eyes.
Knowing the weakness of a stubborn race,
And with the curb of a long-practised hand
Guiding his burghers—and in fitting place
Using the pregnant phrase they understand.
Strong with the strength of an unflinching will,
Stern as a man whose gifts with one accord
Are concentrated on one end. Yet still,
Whether with practised tongue or naked sword,
Whether his purpose served to save or kill,
Trusting through good and evil in his Lord.

124 *Silhouette*

At an upper window-pane,
  Peeps a tired, wrinkled face,
  Redolent of old-world grace,
Watching daylight slowly wane.
Calm and tempest, sun and rain,
  Baby laughter, secret tears,
  Mother-love and lonely years,
Come before her once again.
While she gazes, gravely wise,
  On a new world's childish ways,
Gleams of golden, sunset rays
Flicker in her sunken eyes
In whose depths the meaning lies
  Of forgotten yesterdays.

125 *Drought*

Heat, all pervading, crinkles up the soil ;
A deathly silence numbs the molten air ;
On beds of rivers, islands scorched and bare,
Warm scavengers of wind heap up the spoil ;
And wide-eyed oxen, gaunt and spent with toil,
Huddled together near some shrunken pool—
Pant for the shade of trees and pastures cool ;
Lashing their tails at flies they cannot foil.
Whilst overhead, the sun-god drives his way
Through halting hours of blinding, blazing light,
Until his shining steeds a moment stay
And disappear behind the gates of night.
And still no rain. A cloudless, starlit sky
Watches the veld, and all things droop and die.

126 *The Voortrekker*

There in an ancient, weather-beaten chair,
He sits and ponders, drawing at the stem
Of his long-cherished pipe. His shrunken limbs
Clad loosely in a suit of yellow-grey.
His flowing beard, like flakes of falling snow,
Softens the contour of his shrewd old face,
Seamed with the touch of sun, and wind, and time,
And yet impassive. But his shrunken eyes,
Roving and restless, seem to leap beyond,
Pregnant with all that filled forgotten years ;
And for a moment he is young again.
Gripping his stick, he sits erect, the while
He doffs the clinging mask of honoured age.
As scene succeeds to scene—now gay, now grave—
The laager where he stood a puny child,
And standing, trembling watched his father die ;
And late, too late, the Zulu legions hurled,

Reeling and broken—or the gladsome days
Of headlong, breathless rides across the veld ;
The ardour of the hunter and the chase ;
The spell of mighty spaces, clean, pure air,
And all the subtle, nameless joy of life,
The joy of youth when pulse to pulse beats high,
The crowning joy of love that conquers all.
And then—the semblance of his first loved vrouw
(Still dearest of the three) that softly calls :
' Man is toch laat. Kom, myn Jacobus, kom.'
At sunset even so she used to cry
Whene'er he lingered, loath to leave his toil.

. . . . .

Slowly he knocks the ashes from the bowl,
And knocking notes—perforce—his shrivelled hand.

ETHELREDA LEWIS

127 *Asleep*

Little children sleeping lie
(Night came floating down),
Near some the mournful jackals cry,
Some dream in London Town.
In London Town so far away
Their gentle breath is light
As though the roaring streets were still
As is the desert night.

And on the lonely, haunted plain
Their sleeping smile is sweet
As if they heard, all comforted,
The echoes of the street.
Little children sleeping lie
(Night came floating down),
Near some the mournful jackals cry,
Some dream in London Town.

128 *The Return of Botha*

From wastes of war, and weary maze of speech
In glittering towns, the husbandman returned,
A spent and footsore victor. Yet to reach
The threshold's peace for which his body yearned
He still delayed, tramping the grainfields o'er
To view his life-work as a farmer must ;
Vineyard and water-course, the winter store—
Sweet, in his native sun, the very dust,
The harvest green with hope. One walked beside,
A Reaper also, and to Him he fell
Even on the lands he loved. The homestead bell
Speaks with his voice for ever : though dawn is cold,
Press we the grapes, fill high the granaries wide
With wheat sprung radiant from a heart of gold.

129 *Christmas Eve in the Karoo*

The eve of mystery and holy charm
Thro' dusk of amethyst steals near the farm.
Dear little children, lying there to-night—
Did they think wistfully of cities bright
Before they fell asleep ? or did they sigh
To be amongst those happy passers-by,
Bewitched by light and colour and all the sweet
Infection of the secret-haunted street ?
They will not wake at carols faintly heard
Then nestle closer like a dreaming bird
As city children may. Yet for their ears
Is waiting all the music of the spheres,
Such harmonies and high, ecstatic strain
As swept in old Judaea the tranced plain.
And for their eyes the Vision patient waits,
The Babe and Mother at the lonely gates

Of lonely farm—up, child, and let them in,
She 'll love your eyes so fresh and clear from sin.
Once, long ago, she came to such a door,
And weary, crossed the lowly threshold o'er.
The soft-eyed oxen of your father's team
Bring back to her the shadowy lantern's gleam.
Now turns she with her Babe towards a Star
As luminous as one which from afar
Brought shepherds and wise men about her feet,
And kings with myrrh, and frankincense so sweet.
Ah, she may smile and bless thee! Does she find
Worship less precious in thy childish mind?
The Eve of mystery and holy charm
Thro' amethystine dusk steals o'er the farm:
Hangs the great thoughtful Star in heaven's clear dome—
The Christ-child love thee and thy father's home!

JOHN LOMAX

130 *They Held the Wood*

Here—in a garden overgrown
With weeds, by night I lie alone;
And though within it fruit and bloom
Are never seen, nor faint perfume
Regales the sense, nor song of birds,
Nor low of kine, nor human words,
I would not barter if I might
Its melancholy murky night
To sleep beneath a canopy
Upon a couch of royalty,
For here he walked—but would to God
His feet again this garden trod!

There—in a garden overgrown
With havoc lies he—not alone ;
And though within it soul and shell
Are rankly sown, and gun and yell
Alternate o'er the turmoil sound,
While foul miasma hugs the ground,
I would not wish him in this place—
A coward blanch upon his face—
Who ransomed with his dearest blood
Thy scourged frondage, Delville Wood ;
Yea, through my tears I thank my God
That thus his feet that garden trod !

131 *Killed in Action*

I PORE upon the message brief,
So curt in words so great with grief,
Till from each symbol seems to spring
Some hateful and inhuman thing.

Then from the house erewhile his home
Outspeeding, through the dark I roam ;
Till when my tears no longer pour,
I mark, my God, Thy open door,

A glory in the midnight sky,
It smites my unaccustomed eye ;
Yet Thou wilt pardon if I dare,
Dear Lord, to seek my soldier there,

To seek him 'neath Thy canopy,
The alcove of eternity,
Wherefrom no thing which Thou hast made
Can ever pass away, nor fade,

No prayer, no hope, no happiness,
No pain, no passion, no distress,
No face, despite desponding fears,
Seen through my bitter, blinding tears.

ALICE DACRE MACKAY

132 *From 'Song of South Africa'* [1]

. . . . Sometimes beneath the moonlight fair
We mark a shadow weirdly thrown
From dark Euphorbia, gaunt and bare,
Gigantic forms grotesquely grown,—
Or towering Cacti where they rear
Their arms gigantic far and near!

But where thy ancient forests wave
Their lofty foliage dark and deep,
Where velvet mosses softly pave,
And rich Lianas coil and creep—
'Tis there thy noblest native trees
Are wooed by every wandering breeze.

'Tis there the tall wild-chestnut towers,
And when its lofty branches bear
Soft, pinky blooms—a foam of flowers
Seems billowy spread to azure air—
The buoyant air, so wondrous clear
In thy translucent atmosphere!

The Kafir-boom uplifts on high
Its blossoms rich with crimson hue,
And sets them splendid 'gainst a sky
Of Afric's deep and burning blue;
And dark beyond the verdant glade,
The Yellow-wood's majestic shade.

[1] *Song of South Africa* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner Ltd.).

With glowing parasites entwined,
  Or draped with lichens ghostly-grey,
The forest monarchs there we find
  Defying still, with hoary sway,
The swift, inevitable ban
That Time can wreak on puny man!

Pavilioned by that leafy gloom,
  'Tis there the sunbirds love to flit,
Like vivid flowers, from bloom to bloom,
  Or 'mid the glossy foliage sit;
'Tis there the spotted woodland-dove
With plaintive murmur woos his love.

'Tis there—so small and rosy-hued—
  The doting Love-birds hie to rest;
There may the emerald Cuckoo brood,
  All shimmering green, with snow-white breast;
And there sometimes doth richly float
The wild Canary's thrilling note;

And all the woodland ways are stirred
  With rapturous music sweet as this!—
For listening Echo never heard
  A song of more unclouded bliss—
A bliss that sings, with transient breath,
Of Love and Joy, but not of Death!—

. . . . . .

JOHN EDWARD MAGRAW

133 *Life Ideal*

Daily I dream of some ideal life,
In some far vale where flowers and fruits abound,
And sweet moss-girdled springs spread music round;
A sylvan scene of peace that knows not strife,

Nor hate, nor lust, nor war's red-stainèd knife ;
Charms in each view, a spell in every sound,
New beauty rare for ever to be found,
A guileless child, a loved and loving wife.
An old old house, with older trees embraced,
And gardens planned by ladies long time dead,
Whose perfect grace can yet be plainly traced
In dainty things worked by their fingers fine ;
Quaint perfumed nooks with witchery round me spread,
Where I may dream and make my life divine.

HUGH CHURCHILL MASON

134 *'Sonnets of This Century'*

The tarnished coin preserves its heart of gold,
Nor loses worth through honourable use ;
Thou, little book, mayst plead no light excuse
For these soiled covers when thy tale is told :
Drear mountains hast thou known, and rested cold
In sterile vales, where no soft airs induce
The stream, night frozen, his trampled bed to sluice
Of countless struggling hoofs the silent mould.
There, where a hundred camp-fires, dying, glow
Pale midst the smoke that rises to the stars,
And Tumult falls asleep, beloved of Mars,
Thou hast 'unlocked' for me thy 'heart' of woe,
Or joy, for me alone—no thought of wars,
Of weary marches, of the untiring foe.

SANNIE METELERKAMP

135 *'My Lady of the South'*

How shall I dare to speak of her,
  Who love her overmuch ?
How praise the dimpled cheek of her,
  The gracious, maiden touch ?
The little hands and feet of her,
  The wistful, tender mouth,
The hair, the eyes so sweet of her,
  My Lady of the South ?

I had no gifts to bring to her,
  No gems, no wealth nor fame :
I had no songs to sing to her—
  Heartsore and dumb I came.
She saw that I had need of her,
  Waited no other call,
But came with all the speed of her,
  And bound me in her thrall.

She holds in the small hand of her
  E'en my tempestuous soul :
I yield to each command of her,
  Whose sweetness made me whole.
O ! I would give the heart of me
  For one kiss of her mouth ;
To know and feel her part of me,
  My Lady of the South !

DAPHNE MUIR

136 *A Perfect Night*

Purple sky and the grey clouds drifting,
Silver stars and the moon's gold light ;
Loosened leaves from the branches sifting,
Perfumed air from the soft grass lifting,
Veiling shadows of darkness shifting,
And the murmuring wind of night.

Curling waves on the cold rocks breaking,
Sheets of foam and a moving sea ;
Songs of night in the ripples waking,
Pain and passion the world forsaking,
Peace and balm for a wild heart's aching,
And the gladness of memory.

137 *Antaeus*

Comfort me, comfort me, great earth mother :
Far in the future the grey days come ;
Kiss my forehead, O great earth mother,
Under the blue sky's scented dome—
Kiss my forehead and lead me home.

Comfort me, comfort me, great earth mother :
Long are the years, and the fight is stern ;
Clasp me closer, O great earth mother,
Mother of earth for whom I yearn—
Teach me the things I yet must learn.

Comfort me, comfort me, great earth mother :
Life will be hard on a soul like mine !
Bear with my sins, O great earth mother ;
Grant me thy comfort fair and fine,
Deep in the dusk as star-worlds shine.

Comfort me, comfort me, great earth mother ;
Wake into pity your cold white face ;
Smile on your child, O great earth mother,
Suffering in life's battle place—
Smile on your child a moment's space.

138 *The Dreamer*

To-night I must dream, for the daylight is over and gone,
And the gold sun has sunk in a luminous glory that shone
Down into my soul with a splendour I thought I had lost,
(So much being lost !) in the tremulous years, wind-tossed,
That have vexed and have troubled my heart with their fugitive gleam.
Can I speak, work, or sleep after that ? No, to-night I must dream !

When the sky was half filled with an apricot wonder of light
I looked through the curtain of dusk to the heart of the night,
Catching a glimpse of the moment that lies in between
The day and the dark. . . . And the hours of a dead might-have-been
Sprang swiftly to view in a sudden miraculous stream,
Glory on glory eternal ! To-night I must dream.

The blue lights of evening I watched, and the vanishing day
With her deep purple garments of cloud, and the shadowy grey

Mists of the twilight that wandered, embracing the trees,
Like the soft blinding fingers of Love round one's eyes —and past these
One white star of evening, one delicate wonderful beam
Lighting the skies with its magic. To-night I must dream.

I am weary. All day there were words to be spoken and things
To be done. Every beautiful hour on its butterfly wings
Flew swiftly to God with new fancies close-clasped to its breast.
I am tired of the world and its clamour—to-night I seek rest
In a house that no hands have created, a place where there seem
To be some things at least that are lasting—to-night I must dream!

CHARLES MURRAY

139 *The Alien*

In Afric's fabled fountains I have panned the golden sand—
Caught crocodile with baviaan for bait—
I 've fished, with blasting gelatine for hook an' gaff an' wand,
An' lured the bearded barbel to his fate:
But take your Southern rivers that meander to the sea,
And set me where the Leochel joins the Don,
With eighteen feet of greenheart an' the tackle running free—
I want to have a clean fish on.

The eland an' the tsessebe I 've tracked from early dawn,
I 've heard the roar of lions shake the night,
I 've fed the lonely bush-veld camp on dik-kop an' korhaan,
An' watched the soaring vulture in his flight ;
For horn an' head I 've hunted, yet the spoil of gun and spear,
My trophies, I would freely give them all,
To creep through mist an' heather on the great red deer—
I want to hear the black cock call.

In hot December weather when the grass is caddie high
I 've driven clean an' lost the ball an' game,
When winter veld is burned an' bare I 've cursed the cuppy lie—
The language is the one thing still the same ;
For dongas, rocks, an' scuffled greens give me the links up North,
The whins, the broom, the thunder of the surf,
The three old fellows waiting where I used to make a fourth—
I want to play a round on turf.

I 've faced the fremt, its strain an' toil, in market an' in mine,
Seen Fortune ebb an' flow between the ' Chains,'
Sat late o'er starlit banquets where the danger spiced the wine,
But bitter are the lees the alien drains ;
For all the time the heather blooms on distant Benachie,
An' wrapt in peace the sheltered valley lies,
I want to wade through bracken in a glen across the sea—
I want to see the peat reek rise.

140 *The Whistle*

He cut a sappy sucker from the muckle rodden-tree,
He trimmed it, an' he wet it, an' he thumped it on his knee ;
He never heard the teuchat when the harrow broke her eggs,
He missed the craggit heron nabbin' puddocks in the seggs,
He forgot to hound the collie at the cattle when they strayed,
But you should hae seen the whistle that the wee herd made !

He wheepled on't at mornin' an' he tweetled on't at nicht,
He puffed his freckled cheeks until his nose sank oot o' sicht,
The kye were late for milkin' when he piped them up the closs,
The kitlins got his supper syne, an' he was beddit boss ;
But he cared na doit nor docken what they did or thocht or said,
There was comfort in the whistle that the wee herd made.

For lyin' lang o' mornin's he had clawed the caup for weeks,
But noo he had his bonnet on afore the lave had breeks ;
He was whistlin' to the porridge that were hott'rin' on the fire,
He was whistlin' ower the travise to the baillie in the byre ;
Nae a blackbird nor a mavis, that hae pipin' for their trade,
Was a marrow for the whistle that the wee herd made.

He played a march to battle, it cam' dirlin' through the mist,
Till the halflin' squared his shou'ders an' made up his mind to 'list;
He tried a spring for wooers, though he wistna what it meant,
But the kitchen-lass was lauchin' an' he thocht she maybe kent;
He got ream an' buttered bannocks for the lovin' lilt he played.
Wasna that a cheery whistle that the wee herd made?

He blew them rants sae lively, schottisches, reels, an' jigs,
The foalie flang his muckle legs an' capered ower the rigs,
The grey-tailed futt'rat bobbit oot to hear his ain strathspey,
The bawd cam' loupin' through the corn to 'Clean Pease Strae';
The feet o' ilka man an' beast gat youkie when he played—
Hae ye ever heard o' whistle like the wee herd made?

But the snaw it stopped the herdin' an' the winter brocht him dool,
When in spite o' hacks an' chilblains he was shod again for school;
He couldna sough the catechis nor pipe the rule o' three,
He was keepit in an' lickit when the ither loons got free;
But he aften played the truant—'twas the only thing he played,
For the maister brunt the whistle that the wee herd made!

141 *'The Glen is Mine'*

'The Glen is mine!' 'The Glen is mine!' I hear the piper vaunting,
I see the streaming tartan as he wheels upon the green,
And with the trippling of the tune old memories come haunting,
But never can the Glen be mine as once it might have been.

O long-lost youth, how clearly once that braggart spring you fingered,
How sure the chanter's promise then—sweet reeds now ever dumb;
The careless days, the merry nights when still you piped and lingered,
Nor heard the broad insistent road that ever whispered 'Come.'

O years misspent, O wasted years, in clachans of the stranger,
Where gold alone was spoken of, and what red gold could buy,
And now the envied treasure 's won, forgot the toil and danger,
And all the country-side is mine as far as meets the eye.

The farms are mine, the moors are mine, the mountains and the waters,
The castle and the little crofts, the cattle on the brae;
But where the dark-haired sons of mine, the fair, the blue-eyed daughters?
For all I own I wander lone a childless chief the day.

If she were here, if she were here, the stranger maid
I 'm minding,
The little maid I weary for, the maid I 'm loving
still,
Then all that with my youth I lost, again I would be
finding,
And I 'd be rich if she were mine, tho' herding on
the hill.

For what is fame, an ancient name, broad haughs of
corn, or money ?
I 'd give them all for youth again, to wed a Southron
bride,
If I could share a plaid with her, and girdle cakes and
honey,
Not only would the Glen be mine but all the world
beside.

' The Glen is mine ! ' Dear love that was, I hear you
in the vaunting,
I see you on the mountains, and I meet you on the
moors,
When gloaming comes, each cave and crag, each field
and stream you 're haunting.
Heath, haugh and pine, they may be mine ; the
Glen, the Glen is yours !

ROBERT ALEXANDER NELSON

142 *Sunrise on the Veld*

(Outside Johannesburg)

Across the far-stretched carpet of bronze-green
Veined with red paths, rough-traced by foot and tyre,
From out the kopjes breaks night's funeral pyre ;
And slowly, as it kindles, the wide scene
Is pierced with golden shafts, and through a screen
Of mystic ambient starts each thin, black spire,
Whose inky, curled pennants from the fire
Of the goldseeker, blur the morning sheen.
Ghost-white the mounds of cyanide appear,
Like phantom hills ; the Kafir on the plain,
In blanket wrapped, stares mutely as his ear
Catches the rumble of the winding train,
The moan of ox, the creak of waggon strain,
Then, the mad shrieks of sirens—day is here.

143 *The Rape of the Reef*

Three inches of grey dust
That holds the impress of the noiseless feet,
Till the spasmodic gust
Catches it up, and spreads it like dry spray
In gritty mists, that float the heat
From an untiring sun about the way
Of the spent traveller. Overhead
An unstained void of ever deepening blue
Shimmers in airy ripples to an endless strand,
As if a stone from some Titanic hand
Had been flung into that vast pond of space ;
And underneath, in ashen drapings, all lies dead
Of nature's planting, and her face
Is dead and ashen too.

The leprous-spotted dumps stand sickly round
Prisoning the weary eye ;
There is no singing in the sky,
No voice upon the grim, grey plain,
No call of joy or pain,
No answering thrill :
Only one great monotonous refrain,
A thunderous sound
That ceaseless beats all other soundings still.

Here man alone exists ; his monuments to toil
Ugly and naked rise
In this rich desert, in this plenteous waste ;
And here man dies
In effort to despoil
Earth of her long-hid hoard, with fevered haste.
Black columns sentinel the pallid mounds,
From whose high tops the unwilling smoke entrains
Upon the heated air,
Forced by still rising circlets breaking bounds ;
While bricks and windows bare,
That choke for cleansing rains,
Shiver beneath the tense, incinerating glare.

The rigid network of the headgear towers
Where entrance to that cave of wealth
Yawns black and deep ;
The very wheels and ropes appear to move by stealth,
As rising and descending cages glide
In measured marking of the weary hours ;
And trolleys crawl upon each grey hill side,
And all seems but a picture of a moving sleep.

Through sterile flats the twin-laid metals twist ;
And o'er them in slow, sinuous approach
The burdened trucks, like some huge centipede,
Swing from their joinings, as each iron coach

Bears to the giant teeth their constant feed
Of granite harvests' golden grist. . . .
Now, on the azure sky a tranquil craft,
With sails unfluttered, slowly glides—
The vulture of the veld, in search of prey
High vigil keeps,
And patient bides
Throughout the watches of the golden day ;
While far below,
Asweat within the candles' glow,
The rocky entrails man the vulture rends,
And through the mighty-throated shaft
Without a stop
His spoilage sends
To the insatiable crop ;
Nor ever sleeps
'Mid the foul night that reigns eternal in the tunnelled deeps.

144 *The Grave in the Matopos*

This is the place of silence ; here the eye
In growing wonder travels all around
And finds encircling movement without sound ;
The floating cloud, the shimmering azure sky,
The lizard's dart, the balanced hawk on high,
The shaken branch, slow shadows on far ground,
The graven tablet on the granite mound,
That crowns the hush by stilling the heart's cry.
He lies beneath ; the spirit of the place,
In bouldered graveyard far from belfried spire,
His sightless eyes still fixed upon the North
That drew his steps when first he ventured forth,
A fearless leader of a fearless race
Who e'en in death lights yet the patriot fire

CHARLES OULD

145 *Queen Anne*

Queen Anne is dead.
She waved her fan
And sipped her tea,
Until one day
Her people said,
' Poor Queen Anne ! '

Queen Anne is dead,
Leaving her pride
Of bright rooms lit
With talk and wit,
She sought instead
Dark ways and wide.

Queen Anne is dead,
Drowned in that chill
And hungry tide,
Ne'er to subside,
That where we tread
Slow rises still.

146 *Voortrekkers*

Over the silent horizons,
In the unknown,
There was a country that called them,
Lovely and lone.

Distant, unknown lay the country,
Danger between ;
They took their wagons and oxen
And sought the unseen.

Farther they travelled and farther ;
Paused from their quest.
Still came a voice from the distance :
' Not there is rest.'

They are dead and all countries discovered.
Now but in thought
Beckons that fugitive beauty,
Still to be sought.

A country of peace and attainment
Smiles to the sun,
Beckoning, beckoning,
Not to be won.

147 *London, August*

I am tired of London,
Foul city that sneers at the poor,
And all this life.
If I look at the ground,
The streets are up ;
If I look at the people,
Their faces offend me ;
If I look at the shops,
I perceive that their wares
Are reserved for the upper classes ;
If I look at the sky,
I see written upon it
' Daily Mail.'
In such a town
It is good to remember
This is not all,
And to call to mind
A vacant, desolate, wind-swept place
Where the jackals cry to the moon.

148 *Green Waters*

Green waters dreaming by the hill,
Green peace is mirrored in their eyes.
The quaking leaves are almost still,
So languidly the faint air sighs,
And silence like a garment lies
Upon the heart, and wraps it deep
In all the blessedness of sleep.

Once were there tumult, toil, and strife,
And men that hurried to and fro
—Blown dust along the road of life—
And brittle joy and foolish woe,
And love ; but that was long ago
And here the troubled murmurs cease.
Passion was there, but here is peace.

Here dwells the calm of dappled shade,
Where sunbeams slant like planted spears,
And drowsing memory has laid
Aside the burden of dead years,
And all the weight of smiles and tears,
And passion's frail and fitful gleam
Are but a dream, are but a dream.

149 *Red*

Hibiscus was red,
(It grew by the window,)
And salvia,
Poinsettia,
The spikes of aloes,
And the Kaffirboom
In flaring splendour.

Here there are flowers,
Frail lives of loveliest name,
Daffodils, primroses, daisies,
Fritillaries, buttercups,
But nowhere in England
That pagan colour,
Nowhere that red
That flamed at the window.

HERBERT PRICE

150 *The Rhebok*

On the cool mountain-side, whose scattered stones
Are coloured like himself, he guards his ewes
With vigilant care, and when the quivering dews
Take the first light, and rosy curtained thrones
Tower in the east above the barren cones,
That far beneath him flaunt their fiery hues,
He rises, and in soft persuasive tones
Wakes his small charge, or in the air pursues
With anxious gaze the eagle sweeping round,
Or gets a glut of tainted wind, and blows
His thin, clear whistle on a piercing note
To warn the herd, that with a sudden bound
Leaps to the call, and like whirlwind goes
Over the ridge above the Shepherd's cote.

151 *A Spring Morning*

Melodious mornings greet me when
I pass beyond the haunts of men,
Into the hills yet cool and sweet
With dews that have not felt the heat,
Where clarion voices call and sing,
And all the veld is glad with spring.

Sharp through the rosy-coloured skies
The partridge makes the echoes rise,
And with his silver-fluted voice
Gathers his comrades to rejoice,
Till all the coverts thrill with glee
To dawn's delirious minstrelsy.

Pale shoots the night hath given birth
Throw off their little mounds of earth
And reaching softly forth to light,
Begin to leave their winter night,
Where in the cold their starving veins
Stirred to the music of the rains.

I see the wetted mountain heads
Burnished with silver, and the threads
Of little streams that dance and shoot
O'er many a storm-uncovered root,
And where they wrinkle o'er a stone
A bunch of bubbles deftly blown.

High up the iron ridges gleam
Black in the sun ; white vapours stream
Trailing along the lower spurs
And sheets of shimmering gossamers
Gleam here and there like frosted glass
Through which I vaguely see the grass.

And sheep new-shorn begin to graze
In closing circles through the haze,
White as the young moon curving slow
Down through the dim green afterglow,
Or like a field of lilies, swayed
By winds the falling dews delayed.

The murmur of innumerous bees
Hums over waves of perfumed seas,
Pranked with the fluttering light of flowers
That love the young unheated hours,
And to the radiant day repeat
The dreams that keep their odours sweet

In shady kloofs where waters run
That are not seen of moon or sun,
Grow modest ferns that love the cool
Unwindy corners of the pool,
And though they see no rosy heights
They to themselves are lovelier sights.

Such dawns to me bring more than all
The dainties of a festival,
The inner spirit moved yet still
O'erflies the world's inveterate ill,
And in the pure delights of sense
Feels pulses of omnipotence.

152 *The Buffalo*

Encased in mud, and breathing valley steam,
And teased all day by clouds of stinging flies,
That smother round his flanks and mouth and eyes,
Provoking rage, till an unlidded gleam
Darts from each eye across the sombre stream,
And his great bulk is shaken, to surprise
And scare away the pestering hosts, that rise
Black in the air about him ; parrots scream
Above him in the tangled overgrowth,
And monkeys chatter, and the green snake glides
From branch to branch with supple weaving thews,
But he, though irked by noise and stir, is loth
To leave the wallowing-pool that coats his sides
And back and belly with protective ooze.

153 *A Bird Wooing*

Little birds when spring arrives,
Soon forget the frosts that hurt them :
Spangled suitors pose and sing,
And each small enamoured King
Spreads his plumes, and skims and dives :
Both his jewelled wings
Open wide he flings,
In her sight to flash and flirt them :
She, despite his fire,
Sees and hears, but scorns desire.

Soon the madness in his breast
Like a fever frets and burns him,
Round her now his rosy feet
Twinkle gaily, and more sweet
Flows the song of brood and nest :
Gems of orient light
Quiver in her sight,
Heedless still, she only spurns him :
Carelessly her eyes
Search the leaves for luckless flies.

Quick his ardour gathers power,
And his surging blood dements him :
All about her, in his flight,
He, as drunken with delight,
Flutters like a golden flower :
Tremors in her breast
Sing of brood and nest,
And no longer she resents him :
Joyously their throats
Flood the air with married notes.

154 *The Lion's Dream*

Now he recalleth his triumphant days,
And fervid throes of Equatorial fire
Thrill through his heart, till re-aroused desire
(His dream so shows him all his desert ways)
To lap the scented blood of what he slays,
Lifts him upon his feet ; a lurid ire
Burns in his eyes ; a shaggy horror stays
His mane erect in aspect grim and dire.
Through all his limbs, and through his eager frame,
Tense and alive in every cruel nerve,
Surges a fearful tremor, and a groan,
Deep and resounding as when breakers curve
And lash the beach, roars out like rushing flame,
And with his dream his royal mood is gone.

THOMAS PRINGLE

155 *Emigrant's Song*

'Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Cheviot-mountains blue !
Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song ;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

'Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow ;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell ;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell !

' Home of our hearts ! our father's home !
Land of the brave and free !
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee :
We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main ;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again :

' But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green Island of our Sires !
Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long, a last adieu !
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue.'

156 *The Nameless Stream*

I FOUND a Nameless Stream among the hills,
And traced its course through many a changeful scene ;
Now gliding free through grassy uplands green,
And stately forests, fed by limpid rills ;
Now dashing through dark grottos, where distils
The poison dew ; then issuing all serene
'Mong flowery meads, where snow-white lilies screen
The wild swan's whiter breast. At length it fills

Its deepening channels ; flowing calmly on
To join the Ocean on his billowy beach.
—But that bright bourne its current ne'er shall reach :
It meets the thirsty Desert—and is gone
To waste oblivion ! Let its story teach
The fate of one—who sinks, like it, unknown.

157 *Evening Rambles*

The sultry summer-noon is past ;
And mellow Evening comes at last,
With a low languid breeze
Fanning the mimosa trees,
That cluster o'er the yellow vale,
And oft perfume the panting gale
With fragrance faint : it seems to tell
Of primrose-tufts in Scottish dell,
Peeping forth in tender spring
When the blithe lark begins to sing.

But soon, amidst our Lybian vale,
Such soothing recollections fail ;
Soon we raise the eye to range
O'er prospects wild, grotesque, and strange ;
Sterile mountains, rough and steep,
That bound abrupt the valley deep,
Heaving to the clear blue sky
Their ribs of granite bare and dry,
And ridges, by the torrents worn,
Thinly streaked with scraggy thorn,
Which fringes Nature's savage dress
Yet scarce relieves her nakedness.

But where the Vale winds deep below,
The landscape hath a warmer glow :
There the spekboom spreads its bowers
Of light green leaves and lilac flowers ;

And the aloe rears her crimson crest,
Like stately queen for gala dressed ;
And the bright-blossomed bean-tree shakes
Its coral tufts above the brakes
Brilliant as the glancing plumes
Of sugar-birds among its blooms,
With the deep-green verdure blending
In the stream of light descending.

And now along the grassy meads,
Where the skipping rhebok feeds,
Let me through the mazes rove
Of the light acacia grove ;
Now while yet the honey-bee
Hums around the blossomed tree ;
And the turtles softly chide,
Wooingly, on every side ;
And the clucking pheasant calls
To his mate at intervals ;
And the duiker at my tread
Sudden lifts his startled head,
Then dives affrighted in the brake,
Like wild-duck in the reedy lake.

My wonted seat receives me now—
This cliff with myrtle-tufted brow,
Towering high o'er grove and stream,
As if to greet the parting gleam.
With shattered rocks besprinkled o'er,
Behind ascends the mountain hoar,
Whose crest o'erhangs the Bushman's Cave,
(His fortress once, and now his grave)
Where the grim satyr-faced baboon
Sits gibbering to the rising moon,
Or chides with hoarse and angry cry
The herdsman as he wanders by.

Spread out below in sun and shade,
The shaggy Glen lies full displayed—
Its sheltered nooks, its sylvan bowers,
Its meadows flushed with purple flowers ;
And through it like a dragon spread,
I trace the river's tortuous bed.
Lo, there the Chaldee-willow weeps,
Drooping o'er the headlong steeps,
Where the torrent in his wrath
Hath rifted him a rugged path,
Like fissure cleft by earthquake's shock,
Through mead and jungle, mound and rock.
But the swoln water's wasteful sway,
Like tyrant's rage, hath passed away,
And left the ravage of its course
Memorial of its frantic force.
—Now o'er its shrunk and slimy bed
Rank weeds and withered wrack are spread,
With the faint rill just oozing through,
And vanishing again from view ;
Save when the guana's glassy pool
Holds to some cliff its mirror cool,
Girt by the palmite's leafy screen,
Or graceful rock-ash, tall and green,
Whose slender sprays above the flood
Suspend the loxia's callow brood
In cradle-nests, with porch below,
Secure from winged or creeping foe—
Weasel or hawk or writhing snake ;
Light swinging, as the breezes wake,
Like the ripe fruit we love to see
Upon the rich pomegranate-tree.

But lo, the sun's descending car
Sinks o'er Mount-Dunion's peaks afar ;

And now along the dusky vale
The homeward herds and flocks I hail,
Returning from their pastures dry
Amid the stony uplands high.
First, the brown Herder with his flock
Comes winding round my hermit-rock :
His mien and gait and vesture tell,
No shepherd he from Scottish fell ;
For crook the guardian gun he bears,
For plaid the sheep-skin mantle wears ;
Sauntering languidly along ;
Nor flute has he, nor merry song,
Nor book, nor tale, nor rustic lay,
To cheer him through his listless day.
His look is dull, his soul is dark ;
He feels not hope's electric spark ;
But, born the White Man's servile thrall,
Knows that he cannot lower fall.

Next the stout Neat-herd passes by,
With bolder step and blither eye ;
Humming low his tuneless song,
Or whistling to the horned throng.
From the destroying foeman fled,
He serves the Colonist for bread :
Yet this poor heathen Bechuan
Bears on his brow the port of man ;
A naked, homeless exile he—
But not debased by Slavery.

Now, wizard-like slow Twilight sails
With soundless wing adown the vales,
Waving with his shadowy rod
The owl and bat to come abroad,
With things that hate the garish sun,
To frolic now when day is done.

Now along the meadows damp
The enamoured fire-fly lights his lamp :
Link-boy he of woodland green
To light fair Avon's Elfin Queen ;
Here, I ween, more wont to shine
To light the thievish porcupine,
Plundering my melon-bed,—
Or villain lynx, whose stealthy tread
Rouses not the wakeful hound
As he creeps the folds around.

But lo ! the night-bird's boding scream
Breaks abrupt my twilight dream ;
And warns me it is time to haste
My homeward walk across the waste,
Lest my rash tread provoke the wrath
Of adder coiled upon the path,
Or tempt the lion from the wood,
That soon will prowl athirst for blood.
—Thus murmuring my thoughtful strain,
I seek our wattled cot again.

158 *To Sir Walter Scott*

From deserts wild and many a pathless wood
Of savage climes where I have wandered long,
Whose hills and streams are yet ungraced by song,
I bring, illustrious friend, this garland rude :
The offering, though uncouth, in kindly mood
Thou wilt regard, if haply there should be,
'Mong meaner things, the flower simplicity,
Fresh from coy Nature's virgin solitude.
Accept this frail memorial, honoured Scott,
Of favoured intercourse in former day—

Of words of kindness I have ne'er forgot—
Of acts of friendship I can ne'er repay.
For I have found (and wherefore say it not ?)
The Minstrel's heart as noble as his lay.

159 *Afar in the Desert*

Afar in the Desert I love to ride
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past ;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years ;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead :
Bright visions of glory—that vanish too soon ;
Day dreams—that depart ere manhood's noon ;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft ;
Companions of early days—lost or left ;
And my Native Land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten—foregone !
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife—

The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh—
Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen :
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the koodoo and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild-vine ;
Where the elephant drowses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,

Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
Away—away in the Wilderness vast,
Where the White Man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which Man hath abandoned from famine and fear ;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter-melon for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink :
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
' A still small voice ' comes through the wild
(Like a Father consoling his fretful Child)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying—Man is distant, but God is near !

JOHN RUNCIE

160 *A Pagan Hymn*[1]

I HAVE drunk the Sea's good wine
And to-day
Care has bowed his head and gone away.

I have drunk the Sea's good wine ;
Was ever step so light as mine,
Was ever heart so gay ?

Old voices intermingle in my brain,
Voices that a little boy might hear ;
And dreams like fiery sunsets come again,
Informulate and vain,
But great with glories of the buccaneer.

Oh, thanks to thee, great Mother, thanks to thee
For this old joy renewed,
For tightened sinew and clear blood imbued
With sunlight and with sea.

Behold, I sing a Pagan song of old,
And out of my full heart
Hold forth my hands that so I would enfold
The Infinite thou art.

What matter all the creeds that come and go,
The many gods of men ?
My blood outcasts them from its joyous flow,
And it is now as then—

[1] From *Songs by the Stoep* (R. A. Thompson & Co. Ltd.).

The Pearl of Morning, and the Sapphire Sea,
The Diamond of Noon,
The Ruby of the Sunset—these shall be
My creed, my Deity ;
And I will take some old forgotten tune,
And rhythm frolic-free,
And sing in little words thy wondrous boon,
O Sunlight and O Sea.

161 *The Bells of Allah*[1]

Once in a beautiful valley,
When the high noon drowsed in its heat,
I heard the Bells of Allah
Ring out so clear, so sweet—
Silver Heath of Riversdale,
Caledon Bells of blue,
And the triple bell of the Frieiza
Rang out as I passed through.

'Hark!' cried the Painted Ladies,
'The bells are calling to prayer' ;
'Come,' said the Moederkapjes,
And they looked so quaint and fair,
And a beautiful sea-blue Disa
Hung like a fairy star ;
And fairy-like Periwinkles
Were twinkling near and far.

Clang went the big Proteas
As they swung on the hot noon's haze ;
And my soul, with the pious people,
Followed the prayer and praise

[1] From *Idylls by Two Oceans* (Cape Times Ltd.).

Till the trump of the Arum Lily
Quivered and hung in the air,
While the eyes of the Zevenjaartjes
Were full of the sun's white glare.

But then came the cool sun-under,
And the hush of the ebbing-day,
And again rung the Bells of Allah,
And again went the folks to pray ;
But the folks were the stars of Heaven,
And they did not call to me,
Like the little Moederkapjes
That brushed against my knee ;
Like the friendly Painted Ladies
That nodded a bright ' Good-day,'
When I heard the Bells of Allah,
And went with the folks to pray.

162 *Stellenbosch*[1]

Purple hills around thee set,
Ancient oak and water cold,
Even as in wild days of old
When raiders down the pass have met
Thy marksmen trained upon the hill ;
The Papagaai, with care and skill.

Little town whose birth and name
Holds with time the second place
After our White City's grace ;
Van der Stel, and his good name,
Surely we may not forget
While Stellenbosch abideth yet.

[1] From *Songs by the Stoep* (R. A. Thompson & Co. Ltd.).

Peace be with thee and thy folk,
Learning walks in cap and gown
Through thy Streets, O leafy Town,
Blest with vineyards, herd and flock ;
Surely all these things are well,
Ancient Simon van der Stel.

HAROLD FEHRSEN SAMPSON

163 *The Willow*

In a blue valley far from me
Stands a lone willow of Chaldee—
Never tree let fall a shadow more cool
As o'er the surface of a pool
Its lingering sweet-leaved tresses sweep
In the winds straying like dreams through sleep.

Once on a gentle afternoon
As when clouds droop in a slow swoon
Along the vales, and all things keep
Drowsily the charm of sleep,
I crossed the hills and wearily
Found the dim-watered bending tree.

And there on that dry whispering bank
I sat, and there from reverie sank
Into a sleep, a trance whose dream
Where shall I turn me to redeem—
Where find again the breathlessness
Of love's first magical caress ?

Often in that same spot I 've lain
To dream it o'er ; but never again

Swims to my soul what it has seen,
Nor can I be where I have been—
Long thought has caused my dream's decay,
Its perfumed self is dreamt away.

Forgetfully, idly the sweet-leaved tresses
Lift in the sad wind's caresses—
All is the same ; yet evermore
It seems a lost memory weeps o'er
Its mirrored face—my fingers close
On petals that were once the rose.

164 *Drought*

To him who nothing sees but withered hills
Shaking with vapid heat the red day through,
And winds that blear with dust the heavens' hue
And glaze the ashen trees ; to him who chills
His eyes at noon with no rock-hidden dew,
Nor lifts glad lips to any dropping rain,
But daily sees that waving flood of blue
Dancing in mockery before his pain ;

Even to him God gives at last the cold
Green wells of evening where the shy stars drink,
A night like water from the mountain brink
Flowing upon his heart, and from the old
Casket of Life his wingèd angels keep
He gives the precious euphrasy of sleep.

165 *L'Inconnue*

Lonely I wait, asking the world for you
Who never come—
Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps at some
Soft-falling hour years away
With lifted eyes you 'll say :
I never knew.

Perhaps you are a little child deep-eyed ;
I may have laughed the moment when you died—
It may be true
That I forget the day I looked at you.

166 *The Wind*

I am the wind—my wing stoops low
To the rim of floating water, blue
As the sky my soft clouds know ;
Slim fleets my colourless throat
As sleekly as ever fisherbird flew
The length of a river remote.

From the crisply straying reeds
Where flirts the clean swallow feather
The cool yellowing even leads
My footfall there
Where lovers are, and purple heather
Perfumes the driftless air.

Eavesdropper of sweet secrecy
In a girl's enamoured hair,
This carelessly dream-laden me
She knows not that I fly
Scattering her kisses on the stair
That takes me to the sky.

167 *The Seaside Grave*

Because he heard a sweet voice call
At eve from heaven's sunny wall,
He left his body where it lies
In gentle earth beneath our eyes,
Where sighing shadows never pass
From pathways deep in quiet grass
And wonderful sea-murmurs creep
About the gravestone of its sleep.

Along the drowsy sands of home
The blue seas crumble in sounding foam.
And flowers fill the ways of old
By waving hill and forest-fold—
God only knows how drear to me
The beauty of these things would be
Did I not hear his sweet voice call
At eve from heaven's golden wall.

HON. VICTOR SAMPSON

168 *Life is Our Scene*

Life is our scene.
To vex the unknowable grave
With question when the rounded orb of heaven
Illumes with glorious light the wakening plain,
And all the seraphim of God
From bush and brake burst forth in song,
To me seems ill
—Whose heart is prone to disobey.

169 *Oedipus*

O Oedipus, how like we are to thee
In ill unmerited! not fouled as thou
By deed, nor doomed for dark incestuous vow,
But for the lesser cause that life may be
Cruel beyond all dream and wantonly;
Yet marked by crime upon thy sinless brow
I see thee blind and old and life-worn now
Carry thy load with simple dignity;
So we as captives in a foreign state,
Broken in hope, misused of pain, may learn
From thy mute carriage in our humble turn,
In what high mood to bear the will of fate,
And in this dungeon of the flesh discern
The shining soul no gloom can subjugate.

170 *To the Crimson-Breasted Sugar-Bird*

You, who with outspread wings salute the morn
And haste to meet the coming day,
Sing in the long-drawn afternoon
A softly meditative lay;
But I, whose stormy sea,
After an equal morn of hope,
Runs high 'neath tempest strong,
Would have you give my troubled mood
The deep serene of your half-whispered song.

For you are dreaming as you gently sing,
Dreaming, and happy in the thought;
For not alone your voice delights,
By you for music's magic sought,

Its lilt is all the hue
Of your entranced soliloquy,
The iris of your dream,
And as I listen blue rifts show,
And in your memories quiet harbours gleam,

For I by thinking on your thought begin
In your sweet coil to dream as well,
To see with you the kloof in flower
And the wafted scent of jasmine smell.
I watch you ruby-red
Upon the fainting air-bell swing,
And mark your wild haunt long,
Till calmèd in its port of peace
I find in me the well-spring of your song.

171 *The Last Wish*

Kiss me good night, remembrance dear,
And let me go.
Kiss me and leave me ere I know
A faltering or a tear.
Why linger ; we have been all day
Together like as lovers near,
Have looked our last
Upon the past
And trod again the long, long way ;
Climbed the steep hill, felt the old fear,
And slept in the green dales below.
Why hold me fast,
Love's arms around me cast,
You know I cannot stay ;
Kiss me good-night, bid me good cheer,
And dear remembrance, leave me so.

172 *The New Spring*

Masters, there is no joy alive
Competes with clamour dead
And peace recovering all her loss
On the wild field of stress.
See how the poppies come
In the new spring of prospect clear,
And the larks delighting overhead
In rhapsodies of song.
Contrast with them the while,
The roar of earthly conflict in our ears
So suddenly forborne.
I tell you heaven lies in this.

173 *To an Orchid*

Before the Pharaohs in their crimson halls,
Beaded with emerald, pearl, and amethyst,—
Or rudest man in shallow mountain cave
Painted in blood upon the flat-faced schist,—

You hung your banners in the torrid wood
Embroidered of the rainbow and the sun,
And here to-day your gonfalons are seen
As though your dynasty had but begun.

Is this the secret of inexorable death,
That life may have perpetual youth,
And your fresh-lit lamps in the wood-glooms burn
To light the altars of an unknown truth ?

O'er all the earth I hear the Mystery say :
Adorn the world and pass your moment on,
For none monopolise the passing wave,
But to the main decline, the high crest won.

Forest and field and ocean serve alike
The strange command, and every creeping thing,
And all that fly and all that swim, obey
The magical decree. Their gifts they bring ;

Their gifts of use and beauty, grain and nard
And song, to swell the glory of the world,
And you, famed blossom, of your radiant beams
Star the dun glooms with loveliness unfurled—

Star the dun glooms and slowly fade away,
Your moment ended and your duty done,
Blest all your day with summer and at end
Content, in knowledge of a full life won.

OLIVE SCHREINER

174 '*The Morning Sun is Shining*'

The morning sun is shining on
The green, green willow tree,
And sends a golden sunbeam
To dance upon my knee.
The fountain bubbles merrily,
The yellow locusts spring,
Of life and light and sunshine
The happy brown birds sing.

The earth is clothed with beauty,
The air is filled with song,
The yellow thorn trees load the wind
With odours sweet and strong.
There is a hand I never touch
And a face I never see ;
Now what is sunshine, what is song,
Now what is light to me ?

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

175 *Good and Evil*

Methought I saw an angel on the sun
Sit throned, whilst around the planets swayed,
Each with its guiding spirit, that obeyed
In duteous wise that lofty-visaged one.
But, on this earth it seemed two spirits fought
A deadly combat, struggling hand to hand—
The Good and Evil, over sea and land
Locked in a strife with dreadful issues fraught.
For, as the calm-eyed ruler of each sphere
Bore slowly past the battle-riven world,
Firm in his mighty hand he held a spear
Poised o'er his head, and ready to be hurled—
To dash this globe to fragments as it whirled,
Should Evil's brow the wreath of victory wear.

176 *Compass Berg*

I stand on the crest of the mountain, lifted
The range above, like a rough-cut spire
Whose once-keen point is flawed and rifted
By the earthquake's shock, and the lightning's fire.

North, south, east, west, lies the under-world—
A wild, vast ocean of billowy hills
In crescent curves of vastness whorled,
Like storm-strewn waves that a God's word stills.

Grey mountain, tell me thy stirring story!
Methinks that thou must be wondrous wise—
For the winds speak loud round thy head so hoary,
And thou seest far with thy stony eyes:

Far, far away, where the sky bends over
To kiss the hills with the kiss of peace,
As they sleep, whilst the dreamlike cloudlets hover
In stately calm, or in swift caprice.

Thou seest the last of the sun at even,
And Hesper greets thee the last of earth,
And Phosphor tells, from the wan east heaven,
Thee, first, the tale of the new day's birth.

And when the dawn's sweet mystery covers
The stricken stars with a pall of light,
On thy forehead the first-shed sunbeam hovers
Long, long e'er the shades from the vale take flight.

When the clouds from the north troop, thunder-treading,
Down the noon of the sultry summer's day,
Below thy crown canst thou watch them speeding
In gold-edged blackness, or silvery-grey.

The rival storms in exultation
Clasp round thy crest in a dread embrace,
And ask the award of thine arbitration
In tempest-tones at thy steadfast face.

And when mild May to the north comes leading
The soft south winter, that scatters snow
In light-shed showers that soon are speeding
In thin cascades to the vales below :

At dawn, and at sunset, ruby-smitten
In the waking day or the waning light ;
At night, by the white moon's magic litten ;
At noon, a spectre in sheet of white :

The dying day from thy flaming altar
  Is westward borne in an amber shroud,
And the failing night on thy brow may falter
  'Neath the sunlit surface of clinging cloud.

On moonless nights, when the clear sky circles,
  Above and around are the sweeping stars,
And many a meteor slides and sparkles
  From the ether, through the dense air bars ;—

Thou standest lone 'mid the darkness welling
  To thy highest ledges, in swathes close curled,
And thy crest is the crest of a black cone, filling
  The bounds of the unseen, sleep-chained world.

High is thy head o'er the stream that floweth,
  Of fears unspoken, and hopes that fail,
For the only life that thy cold height knoweth
  Is the eagles', poised on the sweeping gale ;

And the antelopes', and the conies', peeping,
  And the flowers' strewn from the horn of spring,
For thy soul supreme with the stars is keeping
  A world-wide watch in a boundless ring.

177 *From 'The Bushman's Cave'*

I stand behind the waterfall
  That downward shoots, till, spent in spray,
It clinging clasps the rocky wall
  That beetles o'er the river way ;
A secret cave is here fast hid
  In swathing bands of forest dense,
A casket with a rocky lid,
  Within the stream's circumfluence.

Tis here the vanished Bushman dwelt—
He, with his brood, long years ago—
Beneath this ledge ; and deftly spelt,
In pictures that still freshly glow,
The wild-wood creatures, not more wild
Than he, who, hiding thus apart,
His idle days and hours beguiled
At his strange, harmless, limning art.

Here human creatures hoped and loved,
And feared and hated in their turn—
Rejoiced when fortune kindly proved,
And over life's despites did mourn ;
Here women nursed their babes, here maids
Oft listened to their lovers rude ;
Here death has thrown a deeper shade
Of darkness o'er the gloomy wood.

There, in yon cleft, is still the mark
Of bygone fires whose flames are dead
As those who lit them—life's strange spark
And glowing ember, each has sped.
And by the south wind's gentle sigh
The flickering, sunlit leaves are turned,
And from the cliffs the brown hawks cry
To-day, as when each brightly burned. . . .

178 'O *when the White and Ebon Notes*'

O WHEN the white and ebon notes,
Obedient to my love's lithe fingers,
Call music from the cave wherein
She darkly dreams and mutely lingers—

Obedient to the high command,
She mounts the air on throbbing wings,
And from some zone above the world
Returns with sweet, unearthly things

That tell of light, and love, and joy,
And conquered death, and hopes that cheer,
And many a golden-glowing sun,
And many a silver planet-sphere.

179 *'Nkongane*

Old—some eighty, or thereabouts ;
Sly as a badger alert for honey ;
Honest perhaps—but I have my doubts—
With an eye that snaps at the chink of money ;
Poor old barbarian, your Christian veneer
Is thin and cracked, and the core inside
Is heathen and natural. Quaint and queer
Is your aspect, and yet, withal, dignified.

When your lips unlock to the taste of rum,
The tongue runs on with its cackle of clicks
That like bubbles break as their consonants come,
For your speech is a brook full of frisky tricks.
You love to recall the days of old—
That are sweet to us all, for, the alchemist, Time,
Strangely touches the basest of metals to gold,
And to-day's jangled peal wakes to-morrow's rich chime.

But not like the past in a moony haze,
That shines for us sons of old Europe, is yours—
You glow with the ardour of blood-stained days
And deeds long past—you were one of the doers—

Of spears washed red in the blood of foes,
Of villages wrapped in red flame, of fields
Where the vultures gorged, of the deadly close
Of the impi's horns, and the thundering shields.

Strange old man—like a lonely hawk
In a leafless forest that falls to the axe,
You linger on ; and you love to talk,
Yet your tongue full often a listener lacks ;
Truth and fiction, like chaff and grain
You mix together, and often I try
To sift the one from the other, and gain
The fact from its shell of garrulous lie.

You were young when Chaka, the scourge of man,
Swept over the land like the Angel of Death ;
You marched in the rear when the veteran van
Mowed down the armies—reapers of wrath !
You sat on the ground in the crescent, and laid
Your shield down flat when Dingaan spake loud—
His vitals pierced by the murderer's blade—
To his warriors fierce, in dread anguish bowed.

And now to this : to cringe for a shilling,
To skulk round the Mission-house, hungry and lone ;
To carry food to the women tilling
The fields of maize ! For ever have flown
The days of the spear that the rust has eaten,
The days of the ploughshare suit you not ;
Time hath no gift that your life can sweeten,
A living death is your piteous lot.

180 *Traditur Dies Die*

I saw a little child at play
  Alone amid the mounded graves,—
Hard by, her mother sleeping lay.
  The soothing sound of distant waves
  Stole up between the silent pines,
  And murmured through the leafless vines,
And died against the mountain grey.

The mountain grey.—Its head was set
  Around with snowy swathes of cloud,
Far o'er the jars of stress and fret
  That wear the ways where walk the crowd.
  The mountain was a thing of peace,
  Around the gravestone discords cease,—
Death smooths the way and pays the debt.

The sunflecks on her yellow head
  Lay bright ; her eyes were grey and deep—
Kind love was as her daily bread,
  Love smoothed the pillow for her sleep ;
  She knew not what her life had cost,
  She knew not whose dear feet had crost,
For her, the ferry of the dead.

181 *Namaqualand*

A land of deathful sleep, where fitful dreams
  Of hurrying spring scarce wake swift-fading flowers ;
A land of fleckless sky, and sheer-shed beams
  Of sun and stars through day's and dark's slow hours ;
A land where sand has choked once fluent streams—
  Where grassless plains lie girt by granite towers
That fright the swift and heaven-nurtured teams
  Of winds that bear afar the sea-gleaned showers.

The wild Atlantic, fretted by the breath
Of fiery gales o'er leagues of desert sped,
Rolls back, and wreaks in surf its thunderous wrath
On rocks that down the wan, wide shore are spread ;
The waves for ever roar a song of death,
The shore they roar to is for ever dead.

WILLIAM SELWYN

182 *The Mimosa*

I MARKED the young mimosa gaily dight
With feathery foliage trembling in the breeze,
And tufts of golden flowers, whence drowsy bees,
Sweet laden, hummed their unrestrained delight.
In after years the full-grown tree I passed ;
Its flowers and foliage gone, and in their stead
A crop of huge white thorns inspiring dread.
Father ! I pray that when life's blooms are cast,
And old age pours its snows upon my head,
Thy kindly hand, whose pruning skill adorns
'The trees of righteousness,' may lop my thorns.
And may my roots, with dewy moisture fed,
Nourish a stem to which a child may come
And fearless gather drops of crystal gum.

FRANCIS CAREY SLATER

183 *To Butterflies*

You lovely lustrous things—
Whose rainbow-tinted wings
Fit sunshades are and gay
For lady-flowers—
I 've watched you gleam and glance,
Flit, flutter, dive and dance,
I 've watched you at your play
For hours and hours.

Thoughtless—a whim to please—
At times I sought to seize
  Your loveliness, but you
    Oft baulked desire :
And if by chance I caught
You, I was sadly taught
  How your bright tints fade too
    When you expire !

O butterflies of song—
That I, with yearnings strong,
  Have striven long to clasp,
    My gloom to banish—
Your fairest say me nay,
With flaunting wings and gay
  They still elude my grasp—
    Still vanish !

Your fairest fly ; and such
As I, with eager clutch,
  Have snatched—poor bruisèd things
    Are all my capture !
Frail things of broken back—
Dead things and lustre-lack—
  Reft of those radiant wings
    I chased with rapture !

184 *From 'The Karroo'*

Wilderness, sterile and parched, far-stretching away to the skyline,—[1]
Desert, stark and inclement,—mournful majestic Karroo,—
Region reft of the gladness of grass and its grateful greenness—

[1] Free elegiacs.

Barren of still woods dreaming Narcissus-like over
their shade ;
Alien to thee is the music of water—supremest of
singers—
Crystal chanting of rivers, laughter and lilting of
rills ;
Rivers hast thou of grey sand ; they curl—like sun-
smitten serpents—
Twisting through cactus and scrub, wearily seeking
the sea ;
Famished, forlorn, and songless, they carry no gifts to
the ocean—
Carry no tribute of silver flashing from mountains
afar ;
Only in dreams comes whispering joy—long lost and
forgotten—
Rapture of shining kisses, radiant fingers that thrill,—
Only in dreams they inherit the elfin enchantment of
water
That borrows the witch-moon's magic, snaring in-
quisitive stars !

* * *

What went ye out for to see ? Lands flowing with milk
and with honey—
Flashing with flowers and fountains ? What went
ye out for to see ?
League upon listless league of scrub, sad-coloured and
stunted,
Broken by stone-crowned kopjes—isles in a motion-
less sea !
League upon league of brown earth, monotonous, vast
as the ocean,
Guarded by stone-casqued kopjes—sentinels sleep-
less and grim.
Lo, when at noontide the sun chastises the plain in his
anger,

Heat-rays flicker aloft, like chaff from a winnowing-floor,—
Glittering heat-waves leap, like spray that is tossed by the surges,
Leaping they shiver and sparkle—silently flooding the plains ;
Tortured, the wilderness swoons 'neath the basilisk eye of the Sun-god—
Breathless, quivering, naked, sapped of all colour and shade.

* * *

Wilderness, barren and boundless, ebbing away to the skyline,—
Brooding stone-crested kopjes, lone leagues of scrub and of sand,—
What can ye yield of delight to those who seek and who harken :
Seek, for elusive Beauty ; yearn, for the thrill of her voice ?
Patient and sad and lonely, in silent places they wander
Seeking the starry vision that beckons, smiles, and is gone.
Unto such seekers, O plains, ye melt into seas opalescent,
Gemmed with glimmering islands chafed by no petulant surge,—
Over your opaline seas and beyond your sapphire islands
Skies trail a turquoise garment jewelled with fringes of pearl.

* * *

At the retreat of the sun, brown kopjes—touched by eve's magic—
Melt into violet isles floating in rose-coloured seas ;
Swiftly the rose-flushed seas are lost in an amethyst ocean,
Swiftly the islets dissolve to shadows of indigo-blue;

Pearl-grey, then, grow the plains, and ashen and sombre the kopjes ;
Bees of darkness alighting, swarm o'er the sun-wearied waste ;
Breezes waken and stir ; bright star-flowers bloom in the sky-field ;
Night, with a sigh, comes down and roams through the desolate plain.

* * *

After long seasons of dearth comes Rain, the elusive magician,
Sowing the seed of enchantment over the sun-stricken waste ;
Swiftly he scatters his seed—the glittering grain of enchantment—
Scatters his seed and departs over the far-away hills.
Lo, from the seeds thus scattered and strewn by the wily magician
Spring—from the seeds of silver—fabulous flowers of gold ;
The wilderness wakens and smiles—a golden smile at his magic,—
Flowers flame from the kopjes—captured is fugitive Spring !

* * *

Once, as I wandered by night on the fringe of the moon-lit desert,
Lapped in a vision I saw pictures of days that are dead :
Groups of horsemen rode by me —with rifles slung at the shoulder—
Bronzed and bearded and stern, silent and watchful they rode.
Hard after these there followed, drawn by the slow-footed oxen,

Waggon on resolute waggon—white-sailed ships of the veld !
Maidens with mirthful faces, framed in the sun-bonnet homely,
Peeped from the rocking waggons that rumbled steadfastly on.
Almost I heard the rattle of chains and the creaking of yoke-skeis,
As onward the waggons lumbered over the limitless plain.
On, unfaltering on, invincibly journeyed the trekkers,
Onward over the desert, melting away like a cloud.

* * *

Gone are those resolute trekkers—pilgrims who passed through the desert ;
Vanished the pioneers who strove with its obstinate soil :—
Gone, and they gallop no more the plains in the diamond morning ;
Clamber no more the kopjes, watching the set of the sun ;
Vanished, they plough no more, they sow not nor gather the harvest ;
Linger no more on the stoep while star-buds open their eyes ;
Never list they to the bleat of flocks that nibble and wander ;
Saunter no more in the kraal while milk croons soft in the pail ;
Never with prayerful eyes will they search through the passionless heavens,
Seeking for birds that tarry—grey-wingèd shadows of rain !
Blind to the dawn's red deluge and the purple surge of the sunset—

Suns no longer shall smite them, nor ever the moon enchant.
Stern was the conflict and long, but the desert has broken and crushed them,
Drained to the lees their life-blood, wasted them body and bone :
Drops in the sea of its silence, grains on the shores of its vastness,
Merged are they in its fabric—one with the infinite veld !

* * *

Motionless waves as I watch ye my thoughts are borne to those billows,—
Wayward and wandering surges washing the shores of the world !
Seas that serenely whisper, or bellow in boisterous anger—
Wild white coursers that thunder glittering hoofs on the beach,—
Seas that were still when Ulysses beheld the isle of enchantment
Where sirens sang in the sunlight sleeking their tresses of gold ;
Desolate seas that Dido, tear-dimmed, searched for her lover,—
Seas that chanted to Jason the lure of the flame-bright fleece,—
Seas that buffeted Diaz—who first of adventurous seamen
Sighted your mist-woven banners, O stately turrets of Storm !
Seas with forgotten islands where pirates once buried their treasure—
Jewels and jaundiced moidores, blood-mottled pieces-of-eight ;
Seas with their bustling harbours, their bronzed and sinewy seamen,—

Seas of tumult and terror, seas that are never at rest!
Swiftly from these I turn to your surges that sweep to the skyline,
Magical ocean of silence, mute and majestic Karroo!
Turn to your frozen billows, whose stillness yields to the spirit
Speech, unfettered by language, tones not heard of the ear,—
Silence that pulses in music, vastness that endlessly whispers
Hints of an infinite Vastness—a Silence supernal, beyond.

185 *Kafir Songs*

(I) A Serenade

All things lie hushed and quiet,—
Couched in the kraal of sleep,—
Save the winds, that like cattle astray,
Through the forest restlessly creep;
Save the moon, that antelope white,
That steals through the clouds on high—
That wanders with silent footsteps
Through the blossoming woods of the sky.
And like those winds I am restless,—
And ever on toward thee
My thoughts, with noiseless footsteps,
Wander, O Zenani!

(II) A Lullaby

The hoeing of day is done,
The burning heat of the sun,
Wood is gathered and water drawn,
Now we can rest

Till the coming of dawn—
The coming of dawn.
Lala, lala 'mtwana wam,[1]
Lala 'sana lwam !

O soothing season of night,
Bringing a respite sweet
To aching hands and weary feet,
From the burden of toil
And the sting of the heat—
The sting of the heat.
Lala, lala 'mtwana wam,
Lala 'sana lwam !

Calm and fair is the night,
The moon shines over the hill,
Flooding with magical light
Forest and field and rill,
All is peaceful and still—
Peaceful and still.
Lala, lala 'mtwana wam,
Lala 'sana lwam !

186 *First Day in England*

Over the wilderness of sea
The good ship flew ; and now the strand
Is reached, and—like a bird set free—
I enter—Fairyland !
White hawthorn glimmers on the hedge ;
Glad daisies twinkle at my feet ;
A skylark pours from heaven's edge
His carol clear and sweet ;

[1] Sleep, sleep, my child.
Sleep, my babe.

These shining woods stretch out a hand
  To greet, that vale a welcome smiles—
Is this, indeed, my Motherland ?—
  This heavenliest of isles !
Oft in my visions has it gleamed ;
  Oft fancy painted it for me ;
But neither dream nor fancy seemed
  As fair as what I see !

Brightest Sea-jewel ! Fairyland !
  Is it, in truth, not fit and meet
That from your breast should spring a band
  Of singers brave and sweet ?
Singers whose mighty voices chaunt
  A past by deed and song impearled,—
Singers whose deathless numbers haunt
  Our pathways through the world,—

I hear them as I stand and gaze
  And lo, my wayward thoughts have run
Unto a land, lit by the blaze
  Of an austerer sun ;
A barren land, bescarred and burned ;
  Barren, and silent ah, so long !—
Had *they* but seen it they had turned
  Its silence into song.

187 *From 'Van Riebeek's Rose'*

To-day the first Dutch rose bloomed in my garden at the Cape. VAN RIEBEEK'S *Journal.*

It has flowered—fragrant joy—
  First Cape rose to scent the sun !
Rapture as of toddling boy
  When he sees a bubble spun
From a straw—a prismy sphere
Sailing in the sunlit air—

Fills the Governor of the Land
  When he sees the flower rare
He had planted with his hand,
  Tended with a mother's care,
Guarded with a jealous eye
From amber beetle, emerald fly :

Tended it till by and by
  Little leaves began to sprout—
Like a baby butterfly,—
  Tiny, crooked thorns came out,
Sharper than a kitten's claws—
Thorns to make the boldest pause !

* * *

As he gazes, thoughts fly free
  To his distant Holland home,
Far across the desert sea—
  Flecked with lilied founts of foam—
There where guelder-roses blow,
And the gaudy tulips glow :

Homeland scenes before him spread—
  Maidens in frilled caps he sees,
Curly gables, roofs of red,
  Dykes, canals, and crowded quays,
Crawling barges, windmills, wells,
Belfries, and slow-chiming bells.

And he dreams in that dim hour—
  Free awhile from care's eclipse,—
Mindless of the building tower,
  Victualling of passing ships,
Of the enemy that waits
In the wood beyond the gates.

* * *

Then the rose, with wondering eyne,
  Saw the blue bowl of the sky
Fill with vintage crystalline,
  Saw upon the mountain high
Flocks of mist feed quietly
On the tender greenery ;

Saw bright-tinted butterflies,
  Honeysuckers rainbow-winged,
Lustrous sprews with scarlet eyes,
  Speckled cobras, adders ringed,
Boomslangs green that noiselessly
Shot arrow-like from tree to tree.

These it saw and many more ;
  Heard, with fearful quakes and thrills,
All night long the lion's roar
  Echoing among the hills ;
Heard the river-horses snort
In the pools beyond the fort.

Thus was born the first Cape rose
  In the misty long ago,—
Lyric in a book of prose,
  Lone star on a mountain's brow,—
Countless roses since that one
Have enshrined our Southern sun !

* * *

188 *The Dark House*

And art thou weary, without health,
Landless and lacking friends and wealth ?
Behold a palace waits for thee—
A mansion wrought right cunningly,—
Builded upon some wind-swept moor,—
Or by the wayward ocean's shore,—

Or in some valley, green and still,—
Or on some grey and wistful hill,—
Or near some city, where the lust
Of gold stirs up the human dust—
A dark house with a narrow door.
There thou shalt rest for evermore.

There, ne'er again shalt thou behold
The Dawn her breast's delight unfold ;
And the blue beauty of the Day
Shall crumble unperceived away ;
Still Eve in purple mantle drest
Shall pass unnoticed to the West ;
And Night with all her stars shall come
And look upon thy lowly home—
But not the merest point of light
Shall pierce thy adamantine night—
Shall filter through the fast-shut door
That opens not for evermore.

Bright dews with murmurs musical
Upon thy silent house shall fall ;
And weeping rains with whispers sweet
Upon thy barren door shall beat ;
Dim winds with dying sighs shall come,
Gay birds shall sing and grave bees hum ;
And lowing herds and bleating sheep
Shall wander near thy house of sleep ;
But not a sound shall reach thee more—
Not ev'n the thunder's sullen roar
Shall rumble through the fast-locked door
That opens not for evermore.

Haply with finer ear thou 'lt hear
Sounds lovelier far than haunt earth's sphere ;
Haply with clearer, other eyes
Thou—in new wonder and surprise—

Shalt see,—beyond remotest stars—
Beyond the sunset's flaming bars—
Beyond the darkness of the Veil,—
Glories that make earth's splendours pale.
We yearn and hope this may be so,—
We hope and yearn, we cannot know
That the dark house with keyless door
Shall *not* be shut for evermore.

Meanwhile we wither unawares
'Mid numbing pleasures, blinding cares,—
Enmeshed with all the sensual world
In vain earth's secrets are unfurled
For us ; our spirits are not fed,
And ere we die we oft are dead.
—If clearly with these eyes we see
Earth shall a snakeless Eden be ;
But if we see not here aright,
Shall we be given eyes of light—
When we have passed beyond the door
That opes or shuts for evermore ?

189 *Manzi*

Lately Manzi herded kine,
Near the Amatola hills,
Slaked his thirst on crystal wine
Bubbling from the mountain rills ;
Sometimes he, with eager lip,
From stiff udders stole a sip—
Or, with guilty glance and laugh,
Snatched a ride upon a calf.

Manzi—who is hunter keen
As ever stalked the mountain slope—
With his greyhound swift and lean
Chased the nimble antelope—

Hurled his kerrie with true aim
At all birds that near him came,
If a sly snake raised its head—
Manzi smote, and it was dead !

When the day approached its noon,
To the woods he would retire ;
There he kindled, bright and soon,
A jolly little hunter's fire,—
Roasted near the ruddy blaze
Stripped and shining cobs of maize,
Or some bird of plumage bright
Which he crunched with quick delight.

Through the woods he then would stalk,—
Furtive as a nibbling mouse,
Keen-eyed as a hovering hawk,
Still as lory 'mongst the boughs,—
Liming twigs or setting snares
For unwary doves and hares—
Rifling the rich treasuries
Of the thrifty honey-bees.

Thus, untutored and untamed,
Manzi walked the woods and hills
Careless, naked, unashamed—
Joyous as the racing rills—
Laved his limbs in Tyumie's stream,
Dried them in the sunny beam—
Rolled upon the grass in play
Happy as the new-born day.

When the sun serenely stepped
To his kraal in the far west,
And the snake-like shadows crept
Stealthily from hidden nest,

Manzi drove his cattle home,
For the milking time was come,
Whistling as he went along,
Or chanting some strange wordless song.

Milking o'er, in his kaross,
  Manzi, sitting near the blaze
Of wood-fed fires, drank amoss,
  And masticated golden maize—
Filled his greedy little tum
Tight as any battle drum—
And when stars began to peep
Manzi's stars were quenched in sleep

190 *Laments*

(1) 'Day Droops'

Day droops while hovering Night
Sips her last honey-light
—O golden flower of day
Fading so fast away,
What have I won from thee
To store in memory ?
What thought of radiant bloom
To lessen lurking gloom ?
What sweet o' song to cheer
Days dull and drear ?

—Alas ! Alas !
I drank your honey up—
I drained its brimming cup—
O lovely flower !
No thought of coming need
Restrained my graceless greed—
No sweet I stored to feed
The future hour.

(II) 'When Twilight Falls'

When twilight falls upon the land,
And all the spoils of Day are won,
And the last petals of the sun
Are gathered by Night's furtive hand—
Lone in the fading light I stand,
And dream of one I cannot see,
And hear a spirit voice that calls
Mournfully, tenderly,
To me, to me—
When twilight falls!

191 *To a Cape Canary*

From tall tree leafy tops,
Where sweetest airs abound,
That wild canary drops
Bright beads of silvery sound—
No brooklet gushing through the grass
His radiant carol can surpass.

O most melodious leaf
Of all that vocal tree!
Careless though life be brief
If sweet thy melody,—
Sing on, sing on, and never weary,
Sing on, my sweet, my wild canary!

Dawn's magic tints and hues
Into thy song are spun,—
Even as the watchful dews
Enmesh the morning sun,—
Or as a poaching rill at night
Snares peeping stars with quick delight.

Joy and delight o'er-brim
And sparkle through thy lay :
But clouds of frailty dim
The brightness of *my* day,—
And, soiled by earthly dust and stain,
The perfect song I seek—in vain.

Sing on, thou poet born,
Thy song serene and sweet—
Scatter thy dew of morn
On noontide's torrid heat—
Sing on, too swiftly comes the night
To wake regret and hush delight !

192 *Hidden Paths*

O HIDDEN paths that melt into the boundless veld—
What memories of yore to you are clinging !
Of warriors bold who sped hot-foot to battle red,
Hurling the assegai, the war-song singing :

Of lovers who would croon, beneath the climbing moon,
Soft songs, as to the tryst their steps were fleeting ;
Their thoughts, with feet more fleet, flew on in joy to greet
The maids who waiting stood, with hearts a-beating :

Of hunters who at dawn startled the sleeping fawn,
When stalking through the woods their kerries flinging ;
Of herdboys who all day among the vales would play,
And hasten home at eve—the cattle bringing :

These, these and many more—dim memories of yore—
Around you seem to cling, ye footpaths hidden ;
The grass of newer days is growing o'er your ways,
Oblivion swiftly comes—a guest unbidden !

And these my paths of song, that I have loved so long,
These tiny paths that stray through silent places—
Will they, too, fade and melt into the boundless veld ?
Will they, too. pass away—and leave no traces ?

LOUIS SORDELL

193 *To a Kaffir Footpath*[1]

In and out we watch you winding,
In and out and near and far,
Sometimes lost and past all finding—
Such a wayward path you are.
Hiding with a quaint persistence,
Just emerging where you will,
Like a ribbon in the distance
Stretched from curving hill to hill.

Bush-embow'red and unbetrayed, you
Wander wide and nowise true ;
Sure, methinks the men who made you
Had not very much to do.
Maybe fairies traced you, trailing
(Are there fairies in the bush ?)
As they gamboll'd in the paling
Light of day and ev'ning hush.

[1] From *Gold Dust from South African Poetry* (E. H. Crouch).

Maybe—but what does it matter!
There you 're winding near and far
Where the black-faced monkeys chatter,
Where the gliding mambas are.
And the barking bush-buck nightly
Takes your way with fearless tread;
And, in tropic splendour, lightly
Are the silver moonbeams shed.

MARGARET WHITING SPILHAUS

194 *The Rock Scorpion*

I SHOULD not choose the scorpion
As fellow in my wanderings,
I should not choose the scorpion
To rescue me from solitude.
I 'd rather leave him in the scrub,
And sandy wastes where he belongs

. . . .

The only scorpion I like,
And him I wonderfully praise,
Is he whose presence alternates
Orion's in the glittering sky.
Magnificently does he range
The glittering vastness of the sky.

. . . .

195 *Robin Chat*

HIGH upon the oak-tree bough
Mourns the lonely Piet-myn-vrouw,
High and clear his echoing plaint
Mourns his late espoused saint.

Trills his sweet untiring throat,
Calling Piet in liquid note,
'Piet-myn-vrouw! Whose bullet flew
Hot to her breast and my love slew?'

But Piet is dead, he hears no call,
The leaves of many winters fall
Fast on his grave; he sleeps unstirred
By sorrow of a soft-eyed bird.

BEATRICE ST. LEGER

196 *Joy*

Joy, wild Joy o'er the mountains ran
Singing, singing,
Over the peaks no guide could scan,
Echoes around her ringing.
Wild and wonderful, strange and strong,
Heeding no sorrow, and fearing no wrong,
On and on, in the light of the sun,
New as the day that had scarcely begun,
Where the mists o' the morning lie dim and sweet
And the hill-sides rejoice with her hurrying feet.

Sing, sing, O thou wonderful thing,
O the joy of the earth, and the voice of the Spring.
Up to the blue of the trembling sky,
Higher, my song; O high! O high!
Joy, wild joy of the golden gleam,
Wonderful substance of shadow and dream.
Frenzy of youth and tumult of song,
And the thrill of her feet as they hasten along,
Swift as a whirlwind and eager as fire,
Borne of my hope and my yearning desire.

Only, O Joy, when the frenzy is o'er,
Return, O return to the valley once more.

Folded and hushed on my quivering breast,
Cradled in peace, return and rest.
Warm my heart with thy smouldering fire,
Joy, wild joy of my desire.

WILLIAM RODGER THOMSON

197 *Cape of Good Hope*

There is a land unknown to fame,
A land whose heroes have no name
In the grey records of past age ;
Unchronicled in hist'ry's page,
Untamed by art, yet wild and free.
That land lies in the southern sea,
It laughs to heav'n which smiles on it ;
There midway in wild waters set,
With suns serene and balmier breeze
Than ever swept these northern seas,
Its beetling crags rise vast, and war
With oceans, meeting from afar,
To break their billows on its shore
With fearful, never-ending roar.

Bold mariners who sailed of old
Through unknown seas in search of gold,
Saw those dark rocks, those giant forms,
And, fear-quelled, named them ' Cape of Storms ! '
O land of storms, I pine to hear
That music which made others fear ;
I long to see thy storm-fiend scowl,
I long to hear the fierce winds howl,
Hot with fell fires across thy plains.

Thou glorious land ! where Nature reigns
Supreme in awful loveliness.
O shall thy exiled son not bless

Those hills and dales of thine, where first
He roamed a careless child ; where burst
Thy tropic splendour on his eye ;
Where days were spent, whose mem'ries lie
Deep 'neath all afterthought and care,
Yet rise more buoyant than the air,
And float o'er all his days ? O home
Of beauty rare, where I did roam
In childhood's golden days, my prayer
For thee soars through this northern air.

Land of ' Good Hope,' thy future lies
Bright 'fore my vision as thy skies !
O Africa ! long lost in night,
Upon the horizon gleams the light
Of breaking dawn. Thy star of fame
Shall rise and brightly gleam ; thy name
Shall blaze on hist'ry's later page ;
Thy birth-time is the last great age ;
Thy name has been slave of the world ;
But when thy banner is unfurled,
Triumphant Liberty shall wave
That standard o'er foul slav'ry's grave,
And earth, decaying earth, shall see
Her proudest, fairest child in thee !

HERBERT TUCKER

198 *Song Birth*

Blank seems my life, and all unblest its toil,
When no melodious whisper haunts my breast :
When no song-seedling quickens with life's quest
And upward strives to pierce my soul's dark soil.
But ah ! to-day's dull round how rich a foil

Is mine when by some wakening muse possessed—
What joy to watch the first shoot's tiny crest
Win to the light and its soft leaves uncoil !
Shyly at first their crumpled fronds outspread,
Fearing to front the untried heaven of air.
Anon, by heart-glows warmed and thought-dews
fed,
The swelling stem uplifts its leafage fair ;
Until, by sun and storm made glad and
strong,
It buds and blooms into a flower of song.

199 *An October Nightfall*

Fainter and fainter grows
The envious East's bemocking sunset glow.
The ashen grey that chilled its transient rose
Deepens to indigo,
As from its lair the ambushed dusk upcreeps,
And climbs the skyey steeps.

Yon oak's enamelled green,
That richly gleamed against the roseate sky,
In sombre shade has veiled its emerald sheen
And blackens momently.
Murk night's intangible and soundless tide
Steals in on every side.

While ever to and fro,
In headlong flight coursing their aëry prey,
The swift-winged bats like darting shuttles go,
Weaving the shroud of day.
A doom is in the air ! Its dew-damp breath
Exhales the chill of death.

Closed is the flower of day :
Earth's many-tinted picture fades from view ;
And as eve's alchemy dissolves away
Heaven's solid-seeming blue,
Infinity reveals its awful face,
Annulling time and space.

O dim immensity !
Wherein, at some high call unheard of earth—
Like glistening shells left by day's ebbing sea—
Star after star has birth,
With mind o'erwhelmed I strive to apprehend
Your void that knows no end !

Earth is our mother ; and we
Bask in her love through the bright hours of day :
Sheltered beneath the sapphire canopy
That shuts the stars away.
Night orphans us ; and from life's house o'erthrown
We wander forth alone !

But, see ! around us, see,
Pricking the dark with pulsing points of light,
The fairy fireflies float meanderingly
Through the dim halls of night.
Love lights their tiny lamps, and void of fear
Their wayward course they steer.

And love our light shall be,
Dear heart ! as we grope onwards through the dark ;
Nor time's defeat, nor dread eternity,
Shall quench its throbbing spark.
Absolved from earth, its light shall only shine
With radiance more divine !

200 *Vox Clamantis*

What kingly silence thou art wont to keep,
Great Mountain! and with what impassive gaze
Thy spirit from its towering throne surveys
The city's turmoil and the unresting deep.
But *now*, when—braving the last showers that sweep
Athwart thy front, and blanch with drifting haze
Thy cliffs black-drenched with rain of many days—
I tread the track that belts thy league-long steep:
Lo! thou art vocal with the mingled roar
Of many streams, downrushing from the height;
Whose torrents, foaming in their headlong flight,
Seam thy dark slopes like veins of silver ore;
And all the vale reverberates with the strong
Hoarse-throated clamour of thy soul's rare song!

201 *A Prayer for Rain*

O, come! reluctant rain,
For whose approach parched veld and failing spring
And every living thing
How long have looked in vain!

The farmer day by day
With darker brow watches his dying crops:
The burnt and barren slopes
Where his starved cattle stray.

The maiden in her bower
Wishes the quick, compassionate tears that spring
From her soft heart might bring
Help to each pining flower.

And spring is in the land!
Ah, ruthless rain! canst thou unmoved behold
The bronzèd bud unfold
A pale beseeching hand?

By inward power impelled,
Must the young leaf to loveliest life be born
Only to fade forlorn,
Thy gracious drops withheld?

The snowy-blossomed pear
Scatters a mimic shower at every gust—
Wilt thou to dew her dust
Naught from thy treasures spare?

And shall yon willow, fain
At the stream's glass to deck her bending head,
Droop o'er its empty bed
Her budding boughs in vain?

The winds on circling wing
Range the wide heavens, seeking thine hidden track:
Baffled they turn them back
And dust is all they bring!

Or should the southern gale
From ocean's fields have filched a cloudy flock,
With barren mist they mock
The thirst of hill and vale.

Or if on fiery noons
Some thund'rous pile a tragic front uprears,
In a few blistering tears
Its brief-lived passion swoons.

Art thou forever fled
In wrath for gifts misspent by men of yore,
Heedless to catch and store
Thy showers freely shed ?

Nay then, too angry rain !
With pity for Earth's blameless herbs be
stirred :
For sake of beast and bird
Come back to us again !

Come back ! and coming, bring
No scanty dole, meted with miser hand,
But to the beggared land
A bounteous largess fling.

And ah ! what rose could yield
To my sick sense, surcharged with dust and
heat,
A fragrance half as sweet
As smell of moistened field !

Rather mine ears had heard,
Waking, the swish of rain like surging seas
Sound through the swaying trees,
Than blithest song of bird ;

And fairer to mine eyes
Some frowning dawn, rain-drenched and tempest-
torn,
Than this soft azure morn
Breathing of Paradise !

FRANCIS ERNLEY WALROND

202 *Love and Art*

They say the jealous Sisters Nine
Will no divided service own,
That who would drink the sparkling wine
Of Helicon must drink alone.

They say—Ah ! let them say, Dear Heart,
But if the thing they say be true,
I 'd leave the topmost peaks of Art
For this sweet world of Love and You.

203 *Eve*

The gray of the morning
Creeps in the room like fear.
It is growing lighter,
But I sit crouched and shivering.

I dare not look at the bed,
Lest I laugh—
Or curse God.

How does it happen ?
Yesterday my wife,
And now—a strange thing—
Anything—nothing.
A body without breath,
Arms without warmth,
Lips without kisses.

'Eve' was her name,
And the strangest part is
That I want to call—'Eve,
Come and look at this thing
That lies on your bed
And looks so like you.'

204 *Courage!*

A TREMOR shook the inmost heart of night,
And starting up one cried: 'The day has come!'
But others cursed him, bidding him be dumb—
'The sun is dead: there will be no more light.'
Again the darkness trembled, and again;
And now there crept into the eastern sky
A hesitant greyness, and a voiceless sigh
Passed wakefully across the sleeping plain.
Then slowly, very slowly, one by one
Leaves stirred and branches quivered, till at last
Expectant, while the pulse of dawn beat fast,
All nature waited, breathless, for the sun.
The Sun-god drew his bow: ray after ray
His arrows swept the heavens, and lo! 'twas day!

205 *The Land-Call*

I HAVE seen the world's great cities,
Heard the thunder of their streets,
Where the strife of men and women
Whirls and eddies, drives and beats.
I have walked their ways of pleasure—
Waking night and sleeping morn—
Yet my heart is sad within me
For the land where I was born.

There are parks and shaded places
In this ordered mother-land,
Where the seasons' changing glories
Spread delight on every hand.
Yet I weary for the kopjes
Where the searching daylight shines :
For the staring, winking dumpheads
And the booming of the mines.

I have walked in English meadows
When the Springtime scatters flowers ;
I have seen the English primrose
Star the dusk of dewy hours.
I have drunk their beauty gladly,
Yet my heart is still forlorn
For the little common veld-flowers
Of the land where I was born.

In the country of my fathers
There are wonder-things to praise,
And the soul of crowded history
Breathes a fulness through the days.
Yet I long for trackless spaces
Where the leaping springbok roam :
For the stillness and the vastness
And the distances of home.

I am sick for kloof and kopje,
I am wan for spruit and vlei,
And the loveliest scenes of England
Cannot charm the ache away.
O the sweet mimosa blossom
And the long mimosa thorn !
O the sounds that fill the night-time
In the land where I was born !

206 *Cosmos*

Bright flowers, of varied tender-tinted hues,
Red, white, and purple-pink,
And lightly poised upon your stems of green,
Like flame upon a candle.
Who would have thought the stern and sombre veld
Could nourish things so delicately fair ?
It is as though a man morose and sad,
Whose thoughts are twilight-tinged and grey,
Should suddenly uplift a tuneful voice
And troll a love-song.

For, as some painter with a dream of heaven
May fill his background in with cherubs' heads,
Faces of lovely children
With dimpled smiles that only childhood knows,
So Nature, ever seeking new effects,
And tiring of old sameness, here
Has taken children's faces,
And breathing changed them into flowers,
And strewn them laughing o'er the barren veld.
You men of bounded lives,
Whose music is the clicking of the keys,
And all your colour painted scrip,
Leave these in God's name, who made Nature fair,
And for an hour at least,
Gazing upon this loveliness, forget
The buying and the selling of the world.
Come forth and view
These regiments of firm-encampèd flowers,
These dancing faces in their sea of green,
And ye shall know,
Unless your hearts be wholly dried
And squeezed of power to love the lovelier things,
A sweeter joy than any walls enclose.

207 *Meintjes Kopje*

Meintjes Kopje ! Meintjes Kopje !
Do the purple daisies grow
On your rugged slopes in springtime,
As they did in years ago,
When I walked with one who loved me,
In the days when love was young ;
When our eyes held glinted laughter
And our sighs were songs unsung ?

But the laughter fell and faded,
And the wonder-song is still,
And the track goes all untrodden
Past the pool and up the hill.
Meintjes Kopje ! Meintjes Kopje !
Other years your flowers restore,
But my love who loved the daisies
Comes to gather them no more.

208 *Reality*

If I could steal God's insight and break through
This sweet entanglement of mortal sense,
Wherein your beauty with a glow intense
Burns flame-like, radiant, ever warm and new :
If I could reach past words, past silence too,
That inmost barrier of supreme defence,
Which guards the secret soul's high innocence,
And come at last to the eternal you :
What should I find ? A fairer you upcurled
In some soft nest of cool virginity,
Unwaked, unwooed, still calm in maiden pride ?
Or some stern city, fenced against the world,
Silent and shut to all men—shut to me,
However I might call and call outside ?

FRANCIS WATERMEYER

209 *Eventide at Muizenberg*

Beyond the bay of silver grey
The roseate mountains smile,
With darker lines where bosses low
O'er valleys deep dark shadows throw
Above the lone Seal Isle.

The sea-birds for far distant shores
Gather and wing their way ;
In long extended lines they fly,
Black tracings on an amber sky,
Across the silent bay.

The tints of rose have quickly sped,
Steel-blue the mountains frown,
A shadowy grey falls over all,
As light beside the dead day's pall
One watching star shines down.

WILLIAM ARCHER WAY

210 *The Shangani Memorial*

Was ever nobler grave for man than this ?
Here in the quiet hills, alone, apart,
No alien sound breaking upon their rest,
No passing traffic of the feet of men—
They sleep. Their glory lives apart from them,
Throned in the hearts of grateful men ; their bones,
Amid the silence of these mystic rocks,
Lie quietly here. The solitary hawk
Circles about their tomb. The soft night wind

Comes whispering up and passes ; and at times
God's fury, in his thunderstorms, beats down
With pitiless might upon their resting-place,
Nor wakes them from their slumber.
Oh ! weep not,
That in the pleasant spring-tide of their lives,
The promise of their youth unharvested,
They passed into the shadows and were gone.
Not theirs the sleepless anguish of old age,
Not theirs the bitterness of vanished hopes
And unaccomplished ends, or that long wait
For Death's mysterious call. There in hot blood,
The wine of battle coursing through their veins,
A royal anthem warm upon their lips,
Gladly they fared to Death, nor fared in vain.
That one full moment of self-sacrifice
Outweighed a thousand lives of punier men,
This noble sepulchre is worthier far
Than loftiest cathedral's marbled floor.

211 *To the Fallen*

Pledge not to me the great ones of the Earth,
Whose hearts are gladdened with success's wine—
Of praise, of flattery they have no dearth—
Another toast is mine.

Drink to the failures in this world of ours,
The panting laggards in the race of life,
The men of vanished hopes, of wasted hours,
The vanquished in the strife.

Long years ago, with hope high in their hearts,
They turned their eager faces toward the goal,
Ready to win Fate's smile, to breast her darts,
To quaff Life's brimming bowl.

How high their hopes ! What victories they would win !
What first-fruits to the Altar they would bring !
Alas ! that they in Winter hugged the sin
They hated in the Spring.

Prone on the sand, far from their goal they lie.
Each only now for Death's oblivion begs :
Hearts crushed, souls spent, hope dead, Life's goblet dry
To the last bitter dregs.

To that great army drink we with heads bare ;
Their failure moves me more than our success :
Their lost illusions built the golden stair
We climbed to happiness.

And, though from those lone wayside graves there leap
No far-off sound of cheers to answer us,
Perchance more light the earth, more sound their sleep,
That we have pledged them thus.

212 *From 'The Water of the Well of Bethlehem'*

. . . There bathed in blood and heaving long-drawn sighs
They stood before the King, and in his hands
They placed the skin, and through the supple hide
The icy coolness of the water smote
Against his fingers ; and Benaiah said :
' O King, are we not still thy Mighty Ones,
Who with our love and strength sustain our lord ?
And heard we not the cry of thy desire ?
And could we hear, and not obey the call ?
Here is the water of thy longing brought

From out the midst of those thine enemies
Who fled before us. Wherefore drink, O King,
And quench thy thirst, and ease thy aching soul
With the sweet memories of thine early days.'

But David, in a voice broken and low,
Where tears and gladness strove for victory, said :
' May God forbid it that I do this thing,
To drink the blood of these my mighty men,
Who put their lives in jeopardy for me,
To bring to me the draught of my desire.
O, my three warriors, the God of Heaven
Hath showered many blessings on His Earth,
But none more precious, more to be desired,
Than is the faithful service that a man
Renders his lord. For no subservience lies
In such unfaltering love, but by such deeds
The servant rises higher than his lord.
You have not slaked my thirst, but you have stilled
The fierce unrest and want of faith in God,
Which burned my soul. For, if the God I serve
Can grant me loving service such as yours,
He has not quite forsaken me, nor wills
To hand me over to mine enemies.
This your great deed I offer up to Him
As a peace-offering and a sacrifice.'

Thus spoke the Warrior-King, and with both hands
He poured the water out before the Lord
In sacrosanct libation ; and as when
Some Indian Prince in his far Eastern palace
Sends for his casket carved of camphor wood,
Wherein are stored the jewels that he hoards,
And turns the ponderous lock, and lifts the lid,
And feasts his eager eyes upon their beauty :
Long have men slaved beyond the light of day

To win them from the bowels of the earth,
And long have cunning workmen toiled at them
To shape and face them, that their hidden fire
May catch the answering radiance of the Sun :
And now he casts them on his couch, and spreads
On the rich silks their lustre, now he cups
Their tumbled glory in his gloating hands :
Then through his fingers spills the glittering gems,
That flash, and fall, and hide themselves again
Deep in the scented darkness of the chest—
So ran the water down in crystal showers,
And splashed, and sank into the thirsty sand,
In the deep cleft between the lichened rocks
Where drooped the wild anemone in the heat.

* * *

And the sun sank and the grey hills grew dark,
And the white mists crept slowly up the valleys.
And peace descended upon either camp.
And all the roots and fibres of the flower
Drank in the liquid food, and through each duct,
Each tiny pipe and passage, ran the sap,
And the stems swelled and bourgeoned through the night,
Under the kindly influence of the stars.
And at the dawning, when the sentinels
Returned with heavy eyes and flung them down
On the hard sand within the caves and slept,
And from the morning fires the smoke curled up,
And all the camp was filled with stir and din,
The wild anemone lifted up its bud
And caught the morning ray—and the grey sheath,
That held the flower within its close embrace,
Split, and the petals each in order due
Unwrapped themselves ; as when some Eastern maid
Returning from the Grove of Worshippers,
Close wound in cloudy veil, that no rude eye

May pry upon her virgin loveliness,
Climbs to her guarded room, and safe therein
With one swift motion of her flashing arms
Unveils, and all her beauty stands revealed :
So opened up the flower before the Lord
In praise and gratitude to its Creator,
And drank the morning heat, and spread its petals,
To court the rifling of the butterfly,
Or the sweet rapine of the wandering bee. . . .

213 *The Land of Dreams*

I WANDER sometimes in a land
  Where twilight falls about my way,
And half-heard strains of music, fanned
  From some forgotten heaven, stray.

And laughing low a streamlet spreads
  Its waves from strand to silver strand,
And the long, low laburnum sheds
  Its golden showers on either hand.

And the quiet stirring of the air
  Is softer than the softest sigh ;
And ne'er a footstep soundeth there,
  So ankle-deep the rose-leaves lie.

Round ancient stems its loving arms
  Thickly the white-starred jessamine wreathes,
And every fragrant scent that charms
  From out the upturned flowers breathes.

Deep peace the darkening heaven fills,
  The travail of the day seems done,
And the still glory of the hills
  Shuts out the dying of the sun.

And there walks Hope, with steadfast eye,
  Chained to unreconciled Despair,
And soothed by sweet Security
  I see mad Terror lurking there.

And smiles are half obscured by tears,
  And laughter ends in choking sob,
And strange unutterable fears
  The scene of all its beauties rob.

And nothing seems without alloy—
  A half-incredulous belief,
A joy that is not always joy,
  And grief that is not wholly grief.

But ever in those silent lands
  One loving voice, now silent, sighs,
And touches of remembered hands
  Lie, like a flower, across my eyes.

CHARLES CLAYBROOK WOOLLACOTT

214 *The Transport Wagon*

The noonday sun falls fierce and strong
  Upon a sandy road,
Where sixteen oxen crawl along,
  Dragging a heavy load.

The driver walks with lazy swing,
  His hands in pockets thrust ;
And round the slow procession cling
  White clouds of choking dust

The dreary veld for miles and miles
  Is dry as dry can be,
And stony kopjes stand like isles
  Amid a brown, brown sea.

A sea, but not like other seas,
  Where cooling waters beat—
Its ships are wrecks of leafless trees
  'Mid dancing waves of heat.

And in this sea the sandy track
  Bends every here and there,
As if it thought of turning back
  To escape the dreadful glare.

Oh, for some pleasant, deep-down glade,
  Where rippling waters run,
With rustling, verdant trees to shade
  This cruel, cruel sun!

Along the road the oxen wind,
  With heavy steps and slow.
So many weary miles behind!
  So many more to go!

215 *The Abandoned Mine*

A HEAP of rock marks the abandoned mine.
  The veld's unpitying silence lies around
Those broken stones—a mute and mournful sign
  Of human enterprise with failure crowned.
Here is the trail along which used to pass
  The workers to and fro: a narrow track
That winds away among the bush and grass—
  But those who trod it will no more come back!

Time, with slow hands, shall from the scene anew
  Repair the gashes in the wounded soil,
And cover up the last remaining clue
  To a poor useless record of men's toil.
And this, the mound they built when hopes were
    high,
Shall be a grave, where those hopes buried lie.

216 *The Camp-Fire*

Far out upon the veld, a slender tree
  Uplifts its ragged spire,
And breezes, roaming by, stir fitfully
  The ashes of a fire.

A long-dead fire ; and near it there is yet
  A track half-hid by grass
With feathery plumes, that stoop as if to let
  Some ghostly wagon pass.

Across my dreams remembered faces dart ;
  Dim voices touch my ears.
I wake—to a dead fire—and on my heart
  Lie ashes of dead years.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ADAMSON, SIR JOHN ERNEST (b. 1867).

Born at Wakefield in Yorkshire. *Degrees*—B.A.; M.A.; D.Lit. (London University). *Titles*—Knight Bachelor; C.M.G. Principal of Normal College, Pretoria, 1902 to 1905; Director of Education for the Transvaal, 1905 to 1924; Master of Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, 1925; Vice-Chancellor of the University of South Africa. *Works*—'The Teacher's Logic,' 'The Theory of Education in Plato's *Republic*,' 'The Individual and the Environment,' 'Songs from the South.'

ALDER, ALICE MABEL.

Born at Ballarat, Australia: came to South Africa in 1903, and is resident at Durban, Natal. No. 7 appeared in an anthology, 'Veldsingers' Verse' (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 1910). Nos. 5 and 6 are here published in book form for the first time.

BELL, ALFRED HENRY HAYNES (b. ——, d. 1917).

Author of 'Lochow and Other Offerings of Verse' (Saul Solomon & Co., Cape Town, 1884); 'Hymn of The Redemption and Other Poems' (*Cape Times* Printing Works, 1897); 'Child Roland and Other Poems' (Elliot Stock, 1906); and 'Sigh no More, Ladies' (P. Davis & Son, Natal, 1912).

BERLEIN, E.

No. 15 is from 'Remembering' (Basil Blackwell). No. 14 is here published for the first time.

BLAIR, GEORGE.

No. 16 is reprinted from 'The Haunted Dominie and Other Poems' (Fraser, Asher & Co.).

BLANE, WILLIAM.

Nos. 17 and 18 are reprinted from 'A Ballad of Men and Other Verses' (Constable & Co., Ltd.). Other works by the same writer are 'The Silent Land and Other Poems' (Elliot Stock) and 'Lays of Life and Hope.'

BOYD, MARY ROSALIE.

Born at Co. Donegal, Ireland, and has been resident in South Africa since 1911. *Degrees*—B.A.; M.A. Winner of Bardic Chair, South African Eisteddfod, 1921. *Works*—'The Veld' (Maskew Miller); 'Christmas in South Africa and Other Poems' (Maskew Miller).

BRIGHT, HEPBURN HENRY (b. 1870).

Born at King William's Town, Cape Province. A frequent contributor, mainly of light verse, to the Cape Town newspapers. No. 20 appears here in book form for the first time.

BROMLEY, BEATRICE MARIAN.

Born in South Africa and resides at Wynberg, Cape Town. Author of 'Where the Aloe Grows and Other Songs of South Africa' (J. C. Juta & Co., Ltd.) and 'The Song of Table Bay and Other Verses' (J. C. Juta & Co., Ltd. [1924]).

BRUCE, ROBERT MICHAEL (b. 1857, d. 1878).

Born at Grahamstown, Cape Province. Served as a volunteer in the Kaffir War of 1877-78, and died of a fever contracted during the campaign. Author of 'Under the Yellow-woods' (T. & G. Sheffield, 1878).

BYRON, MARY

(Wife of General Byron) is of Scottish extraction. Author of 'A Voice from the Veld' (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., 1913); 'The Owls: A Book of Verses' (Maskew Miller).

CAMPBELL, ETHEL.

No. 34 is here published in book form for the first time.

CAMPBELL, ROY.

Born at Durban, Natal. Author of 'The Flaming Terrapin,' a work of great power and beauty (Cape, 1924).

Nos. 35, 36, and 37 are here published in book form for the first time.

CLARK, JOHN.

A native of Dunfermline, county of Fife. M.A. and LL.D., St. Andrews University. Has resided in South Africa for many years, and is now Professer of English Literature in the University of Cape Town. Author of 'Verses in Various Moods' (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.); 'Two Bundles of Verse' (Darter Bros.); 'Hannibal' (a drama) (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.); 'Fridegonde' (a chronicle play) (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.); 'An Ode on the Death of Earl Kitchener' (Darter Bros.), etc. Dr. Clark is at present engaged in writing 'A Critical History of South African Poetry.'

COLE, MAUD WYNN.

Born in England, but has resided in South Africa for many years. Author of 'Songs from South Africa' (Specialty Press, Ltd., Wynberg).

COLVIN, IAN.

Formerly attached to *The Cape Times*, is now on the staff of *The Morning Post*. Author of 'The Parliament of Beasts,' 'The Leper's Flute,' 'Romance of South Africa,' etc.

CRIPPS, ARTHUR SHEARLY (b. 1867).

Born in England, and has been engaged in missionary work in Mashonaland, Rhodesia, since 1901. Part author (with Laurence Binyon, Stephen Phillips, and Manmahon Ghose) of 'Primavera' (Blackwell, 1890). Author of 'Titania and Other Poems' (Elkin Mathews, 1900); 'The Black Christ' (Blackwell, 1901); 'Jonathan' (Blackwell, 1902); 'Magic Casements' (Duckworths, 1905); 'Lyra Evangelistica' (Blackwell, 1909); 'Faery Lands Forlorn' (Blackwell, 1909); 'The Two of Them Together' (Mowbrays, 1910); 'The Brooding Earth' (Blackwell, 1911); 'Pilgrimage of Grace' (Blackwell, 1912); 'Bay Tree Country' (Blackwell, 1913); 'Pilgrim's Joy' (Blackwell, 1916); 'A Martyr's Heir' (Duckworth, 1916); 'Lake and War' (Blackwell, 1917); 'Cinderella in the South' (Blackwell, 1919).

CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER, SAMUEL CRON (b. 1863).

Born near Bedford, Cape Province. Educated at St.

Andrew's College, Grahamstown. Author of 'The Life of Olive Schreiner' (Fisher Unwin, Ltd.) and 'Little Songs for South Africans.'

DARLOW, DAVID JOHN, B.A.

Lecturer in English Literature at the South African Native College, Fort Hare. Author of 'Poems' (Erskine MacDonald) and 'Khama' (Lovedale Mission Press). No. 62 is an extract from 'Khama' which, with 'The Waters of the Well of Bethlehem' (see No. 212), was bracketed first for the gold medal diploma in connection with the Bardic Chair, Cape Town Eisteddfod, 1923.

DOWSLEY, NORAH LILIAN D'ALTERA.

A student at Rhodes College, Grahamstown. Nos. 63 and 64 are here published for the first time, and show promise.

'EUREKA.'

No. 65 formerly appeared in *The Cape Times*.

EVANS, HUGH JOHN (b. 1861).

Author of 'The Golden Barque' (Esson & Perkins, 1908), 'Llangollen Poems' (1920).

FAIRBRIDGE, KINGSLEY (b. 1885, d. 1924).

Born at Grahamstown, Cape Province, and educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and Oxford. A Rhodes scholar. Established a large farm school for child emigrants at Pinjarra, Western Australia, in 1912. Author of 'Juvenile Emigration and the Farm School System' and 'Veld Verse and Other Lines' (David Nutt, 1909).

FALLAW, LANCE (b. 1876).

Born at Gateshead, England. Graduated at Durham University, 1908. *Degrees*—M.A.; B.Lit. Came to South Africa 1900. Left for Australia 1906. *Works*—'Silverleaf and Oak' (Macmillan & Co.); 'An Ampler Sky' (Macmillan & Co.).

FLEMING, LEONARD.

Born in Australia. Educated at University College School, London: came to South Africa at the age of 16, and is farming in the Orange Free State. Author of 'A

Settler's Scrubblings'; 'A Fool on the Veld'; 'More Veld Foolery'; 'The Call of the Veld,' and 'Getting About London.'

FORD, EDWARD BAUNTON (b. 1876).

Born in England: has been in South Africa since 1902. Winner of the special Gold Medal in connection with the Bardic Chair, Cape Town Eisteddfod, 1924.

GARRETT, FYDELL EDMUND (b. 1865, d. 1907).

Born in England, and educated at Cambridge: first visited South Africa in 1889; subsequently became editor of *The Cape Times* for several years, and represented Victoria East, Cape Province, in the Legislative House of Assembly. Author of 'In Afrikanderland,' 'The Story of an African Crisis,' and translator of Ibsen's 'Brand.'

GIBBON, PERCIVAL.

Nos. 88 to 91 are reprinted from 'African Items' (Elliot Stock, 1903). Mr. Gibbon is the author of many other books, mainly works of fiction, including 'Souls in Bondage,' 'Vrouw Grobblaar's Leading Cases,' 'Margaret Harding,' etc.

GOULDSBURY, CULLEN.

Lived for many years in Rhodesia. Author of 'Rhodesian Rhymes' (Philpot & Collins) and 'Songs Out of Exile' (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.). Also wrote the following novels: 'The Tree of Bitter Fruit'; 'God's Outpost'; 'Circe's Garden,' etc.

HALL, ARTHUR VINE (b. 1862).

Presbyterian minister: came to South Africa in 1890. Is the author of 'South Africa and Other Poems' (J. C. Juta & Co.); 'Table Mountain' (J. C. Juta & Co.); 'Round the Camp Fire' (B. H. Blackwell & Son); 'The Submarine and the Aeroplane' (B. H. Blackwell & Son); 'The 1820 Settlers' (Maskew Miller); 'A Voyage to the Cape' (Townshend, Taylor & Snashall), and 'Rainbow Houses' (Jonathan Cape).

HAMILTON, WILLIAM (b. ——, d. 1917).

Came to South Africa from Dumfries when quite young: an Honours B.A. and an M.A. of the old Cape University,

Lecturer in Philosophy at the University of Cape Town. Died fighting in Flanders. Author of 'Modern Poems' (B. H. Blackwell).

HOLLAND, MADELINE (b. 1874, d. 1924).

Born at Tsolo, Cape Province. Daughter of Hon. J. M. Orpen, and wife of Mr. Arthur Holland. Educated at Grahamstown and at Oxford. Author of 'The Folk Lore of the Banyaja,' 'Collected Poems' (Merton Press), etc.

HUNTER, WILLIAM ELIJAH (b. 1839, d. 1913).

Clergyman. Born at Wincanton in Somersetshire: came to South Africa in 1861, and died at Cambridge, Cape Province, 1913. Author of 'The Nightingale and Other Poems' (African Book Company), from which volume Nos. 104 to 108 are reprinted. No. 109 is reprinted from *The South African Bookman* of April 1912.

JACOBS, DAVID MORRISON.

Nos. 110 and 111 reprinted from 'Veldsingers Verse' (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.).

KETT, GEORGE (b. 1852).

Born at St. Peter's, Mancroft: came to South Africa in 1882. Author of 'Lyrics of Empire'; 'The Spoilers' (epic); 'The Risen Christ' (epic); 'The Millennial Vision' (epic); 'The Divine Tragedy' (drama). Discoverer of the 'Basic Law of Poetry,' and Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. Nos. 112, 113, and 114 are Mr. Kett's own selections from his works.

KING, EDITH.

Born at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, and educated in England. Author of 'Veld Rhymes for Children' and 'Country Rhymes for Children,' etc.

KOLBE, Rev. FREDERICK CHARLES, D.D. (b. 1852).

Born in South Africa, and educated at Cape Town and at London University. Author of 'The Art of Life—Minnie Caldwell,' 'Thoughts and Fancies,' etc.

LEFEBVRE, DENYS ('SYNED') (b. 1879).

Born at St. Peter's, Jersey, Channel Islands: came to South Africa 1901. Author of 'The Land of Wavering'

(1907); 'The Lone Trek' (Elkin Mathews, 1908); 'War and Other Poems' (Horter & Co., Ltd., 1918).

LEWIS, ETHELREDA.

Nos. 127 to 129 are here published in book form for the first time. Author of 'The Harp' (Hodder & Stoughton).

LOMAX, JOHN (b. 1882).

Born at Southwell, Cape Province, and educated at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and South African College, Cape Town. Author of 'Songs of Strife' (Maskew Miller); 'Songs of Soul and Sense' (Maskew Miller), etc.

MAGRAW, JOHN EDWARD.

Author of 'Attempts at Verse'; 'The Temple Writings,' etc.

MASON, HUGH CHURCHILL (b. 1873).

Author of 'The Golden Mean' (Kegan Paul); 'The Inner Court' (Heath Cranton); 'The Devil's Christmas Box' (Heath Cranton).

MUIR, DAPHNE

Only daughter of Sir Frederick de Waal (Administrator of the Cape Province), and author of 'Soldiers Immortal and Other Poems' (Maskew Miller). Nos. 136 and 137 are reprinted from the above-mentioned volume, and No. 138 is here published in book form for the first time.

MURRAY, CHARLES, D.C.L., C.M.G. (b. 1864).

Born in Scotland. Was for many years Chief of the Union Government Public Works Department, and has now retired on pension. Author of 'Hamewith' (Constable & Co., Ltd.); 'A Sough o' War' (Constable & Co., Ltd.), and 'Country Places' (Constable & Co., Ltd.).

NELSON, ROBERT ALEXANDER.

Journalist, Johannesburg. No. 142 appeared, in a slightly different form, in 'Veldsingers Verse' (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.). Nos. 143 and 144 are here published in book form for the first time.

Ould, Charles, M.A. (b. 1898).

Born at Grahamstown, Cape Province, and educated at St. Andrew's College, Rhodes University College, and at Oxford. Nos. 145 to 149 are here published in book form for the first time.

Price, Herbert (b. 1858).

Born near Queenstown, Cape Province. Author of 'Poems and Sonnets' (Welch), from which volume Nos. 150, 151, 152, and 154 are reprinted. No. 153 is here published for the first time.

Pringle, Thomas (b. 1789, d. 1834).

Born near Kelso, Scotland. Educated at Kelso School and Edinburgh University. Was for a time clerk in the service of the Commissioners of the Public Records of Scotland. Early in 1817 became joint editor with James Cleghorn of *The Edinburgh Magazine* (which shortly afterwards became *Blackwood's Magazine*). About the same time became editor of *The Edinburgh Star*. Relinquished journalism in 1819 and returned to the Records Office. Emigrated to South Africa in 1820 with the British Settlers, and settled with his party near the Baviaan's River in the district of Bedford. Appointed Government Librarian, Cape Town, 1822. Established and edited, jointly with John Fairbairn, *The South African Journal* in 1824. Owing to differences with the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, Pringle returned to England in 1826. Took up journalism in London. Associated himself with Wilberforce and others in the movement for the abolition of slavery, and was appointed Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society in 1827. *Works*—'Autumnal Excursion and Other Poems' (1819); 'Ephemerides' (1828); 'African Sketches' (1834). His complete poems are to be found in the volume 'Thomas Pringle: His Life, Times, and Poems,' edited by William Hay (J. C. Juta & Co., 1912).

Runcie, John.

Was attached to the staff of *The Cape Times* for several years. Author of 'Songs by the Stoep' (R. A. Thomson & Co., Ltd.); 'Idylls by Two Oceans' (*Cape Times*, Ltd.).

SAMPSON, HAROLD FEHRSEN.

Son of the Hon. Victor Sampson. Born at Grahamstown, Cape Province. Educated at St. Andrew's College, Rhodes University College, and at Oxford (a Rhodes Scholar). Author of 'Sounds from Another Valley' and 'The Tree of Sleep.' Nos. 163, 165, and 166 are reprinted from the latter volume. Nos. 164 and 167 are here published for the first time.

SAMPSON, HON. VICTOR ('John Doe') (b. 1855).

Born at Cape Town. Called to the Bar, 1881; Attorney General, 1904; Judge of the Supreme Court, Eastern Division, 1915. Retired on pension, 1925. Author of 'The Kingfisher and Other Poems,' 'Ode to Dawn and Other Poems,' 'Desires'—all published by Elkin Mathews.

SCHREINER, OLIVE (b. 1855, d. 1920).

Born at Wittebergen Mission Station, Cape Province. Author of 'The Story of an African Farm'; 'Thoughts on South Africa'; 'Women and Labour'; 'Dream Life and Real Life'; 'Dreams'; 'Trooper Peter Halket'; 'Stories, Dreams, and Allegories.' No. 174 is reprinted from 'The Life of Olive Schreiner,' by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.), with permission of author and publisher.

SCULLY, WILLIAM CHARLES (b. 1855).

Born in Dublin, and emigrated to South Africa in 1867. Author of 'The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*, and Other South African Poems' (Lovedale Mission Press); 'Poems' (T. Fisher Unwin, 1892); 'Kaffir Stories'; 'Mr. Bloxam's Choice'; 'The White Hecatomb'; 'Between Sun and Sand'; 'A Veld Vendetta'; 'By Veld and Kopje'; 'The Ridge of White Waters'; 'A Lodge in the Wilderness'; 'Unconventional Reminiscences,' etc.

SLATER, FRANCIS CAREY (b. 1876).

Born near Alice, Cape Province: is a descendant of the British Settlers of 1820. Author of 'Footpaths thro' the Veld' (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1905); 'The Sunburnt South' (Digby, Long & Co., 1908); 'From Mimosa Land' (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1910); 'Calls Across the Sea'

(Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1917); 'Settlers and Sunbirds' (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1919); 'The Karroo and Other Poems' (Wm. Blackwood & Sons, 1924), and 'The Shining River' (Longmans, Green & Co., 1925).

SPILHAUS, MARGARET WHITING.

Author of 'The Limber Elf'; 'Studies of Child Life'; 'The Children's Map of South Africa,' and 'Nursery Rhymes' (J. C. Juta & Co.).

ST. LEGER, BEATRICE.

No. 196 was originally published in *The Cape Times*.

THOMSON, WILLIAM RODGER (b. 1832, d. 1867).

Born at Balfour, Cape Province. The son of a Scottish missionary. Was member for Fort Beaufort in the old Cape Legislative Assembly. Author of 'Poems and Sketches' and 'Kaffir Wars and British Settlers.'

TUCKER, HERBERT (b. 1855).

Born in England, and has been resident in South Africa since 1879. Author of 'Songs of Love and Nature' (J. C. Juta & Co., 1909); 'Lays of Later Years' (J. C. Juta & Co., 1922).

WALROND, FRANCIS ERNLEY.

Author of 'Silence Absolute and Other Poems' (Elkin Mathews, 1900); 'The Lady Beautiful and Other Poems' (Elkin Mathews, 1906); 'The Gods of Africa and Other Poems' (Elkin Mathews, 1912). Nos. 202, 203, and 208 are here published in book form for the first time.

WAY, WILLIAM ARCHER.

Born in Devonshire, and educated at Christ's Hospital and Oxford (where he took his degree with honours, and rowed for four years in succession in the College Eight). Came to South Africa in 1891 as Vice-Principal of Dale College, King William's Town (five years); Principal of Graff-Reinet College (fourteen years); and Rector of Grey Institute High School since 1910. Author of 'Poems of Consolation' and 'Battle Requiem and Other Poems.' Nos. 210, 211, and 213 are reprinted from the former volume, and No. 212 is an extract from 'The Water of the

Well of Bethlehem' (bracketed first with 'Khama'—see No. 62—for the Gold Medal Diploma in connection with the Bardic Chair, Cape Town Eisteddfod, 1922).

WOOLLACOTT, CHARLES CLAYBROOK (b. 1873).

Born in England: came to South Africa in 1891, and resides at Bulawayo, Rhodesia. Author of 'Rhodesian Rhymes for Children' (The Argus Co.). No. 214 is reprinted from this volume, and Nos. 215 and 216 are here published in book form for the first time.

GLOSSARY

Aasvogel—Large vulture, related to the Griffon vulture of Southern Europe. Head and upper parts of neck dirty white; back and wings ashy mottled with brown. Scarce now.

Agterslag—The thong of a whip.

Aloe—There are numerous species of aloe in South Africa. Most of them have conspicuous crimson flowers.

Amaxosa—A tribe of the Bantu race. The Kaffirs of the Eastern districts of the Cape Province mostly belong to this tribe.

Amoss (Amase)—Sour milk.

Arum—There is no true arum in South Africa. The plant meant is probably *Zantedeschia aethiopica*. Often found in immense numbers in damp places. It is usually called 'Arum Lily' or 'Pig Lily.'

Assegaai—Spear used by Bantu warriors.

Baviaan (Bobejaan)—Baboon. Baboons are common on the mountains throughout South Africa.

Bean-tree—Probably the 'Boerboon' is meant. This name is applied to species of Schotia, a caesalpinaceous genus with brilliant scarlet flowers, growing in somewhat arid localities.

Berg—Mountain.

Bluebuck—*Cephalophus monticola*. The smallest of South African antelopes, being about the size of a hare. It is common in coastal forests.

Boomslang—A tree-snake which preys on eggs and nestlings of birds. Reaches about 5-6 feet in length, and has poison fangs at the back of the jaw.

Bosch—Bush.

Boter-Bloem—Probably Boterboem is meant (*Cotyledon paniculata*). It has a thick, fleshy stem, and looks rather weird when in flower.

Brei—To soften skins.

Bulbul—The sombre Bulbul or Green Bulbul, the commonest bird in coastal or adjoining districts; it is a plain-coloured bird, but a real optimist, chirping at all hours of the day.

Bushbuck—A rather small antelope still common in the dense bush of coastal districts. The rams have spirally twisted horns, averaging 12-14 inches long, and are very pugnacious.

Bushman—A race of pigmy hunters (now almost extinct) formerly living throughout South Africa. They were yellow-skinned people related to Hottentots. They were expert in the use of poisoned arrows.

Crassula—Mostly succulents with massed white flowers. South Africa has by far the largest number of species of this genus. The more showy species of Rochea from South-West Cape Colony are often called crassula.

Dassie—Procavia or Hyrax, closely related to the cony of the Bible. Small soft-furred animals living on krantzes and feeding upon vegetable matter.

Dikkop—A bird variously termed Cape Thick-knee or Stone-Curlew, closely related to the European bird thus termed. Occurs throughout South Africa in open country.

Disa—A genus of orchids widely spread in the more humid parts of South Africa. *Disa uniflora* is 'the pride of Table Mountain.'

Disselboom—Wagon shaft.

Dorp—Township or village.

Duiker (also Dyker=Diver)—A small antelope, so called from the speed and agility with which it dives into covert on alarm. It occurs in bush districts throughout the country.

Eland—Largest of all antelopes; almost 6 feet high at the withers. Still occurs in wild state in the Kalahari.

Erica—There are hundreds of species of erica (heath) in South-West Cape Colony; towards the North-East they are mainly found on the mountain ranges.

Euphorbia—The genus Euphorbia is represented in South Africa by small herbs, but also by shrubs and trees. These have weird forms resembling Cacti.

Friezia (should be Freesia)—An iridaceous genus. A sweet-scented white variety is often cultivated.

Gladioli (Gladiolus)—A genus of iridaceous plants with numerous species in the coast districts of South Africa, the Drakensberg range and the Transvaal. Many wild species have flowers of exquisite beauty not surpassed or even equalled by the hybrids now frequently cultivated.

Gnu (Wildebeeste)—An ungainly antelope formerly abundant on the plains, termed Gnu from its loud bellowing snort, and Wildebeeste from its extraordinary antics. Two species occur,—the Black Wildebeeste or *Connochaetes gnu*, never found north of the Vaal; the Blue Wildebeeste, *C. taurinus*, found in Zululand, East Transvaal and Bechuanaland.

Guana (*Iguana*, *Leguaan*)—This is the name given to the Cape Monitor Lizard, *Varanus niloticus*. It is common in and near rivers, and has a habit of visiting outhouses in search of eggs. It reaches a length of 7 feet.

Gum-tree Species of eucalyptus, very extensively cultivated, and introduced from Australia.

Hartebeaste (Hartebeeste)—*Bubalis caama*, the Red Hartebeeste, is a large ungainly antelope once found throughout the country, but now restricted to the Kalahari region.

Harveya—A genus of scrophulariaceous root-parasites with exquisite flowers.

Hibiscus—Numerous species of hibiscus are found in South Africa, many with large, conspicuously coloured flowers.

Honeysucker—See Sun-bird.

Jacaranda (*Jacaranda mimosaefolia*)—An introduced papilionaceous tree with masses of dark blue (sometimes light blue or lilac) flowers. A favourite tree in Pretoria streets and elsewhere.

Kaffir—A general name applied to members of the Bantu race; usually the Amaxosa or Red Kaffir is meant, in contrast to the Fingos, Zulus and Sechuanas.

Kaffir-boom (*Erythrina caffra*)—A papilionaceous tree, giving good shade and possessing very striking large scarlet flowers.

Kaffir-corn (*Andropogon sorghum*)—Largely cultivated in numerous varieties, especially by the Kaffir races.

Kameel—The Southern Giraffe, formerly found throughout the country north of the Orange River. (There are no true camels in this region.)

Kapje (Kappie)—Sun-bonnet.

Karroo (also Karoo)—The arid plateau in the interior of the Cape Province.

Kaross (Karos)—A rug made of skins.

King, Dick—A British Settler who rode 600 miles in nine days, through rough and trackless country intersected by numerous rivers and peopled by savage tribes, in order to obtain relief on behalf of a small British force besieged at Port Natal (now Durban).

Kloof—A wooded ravine.

Kop—Literally 'head.' Usually applied to a hill.

Kopje (Koppie)—A small hill..

Koranna—A tribe of coloured people closely related to the Bushman.

Korhaan (Koraan)—Several species of birds belonging to the family Otidae or bustards. They are extremely noisy birds, hence the name (='scolding-cock').

Kraal—Cattle-pen or sheep-fold, also applied to a cluster of Native huts.

Krantz—(Krans). A rocky precipice.

Kudu (also Koodoo)—*Strepsiceros capensis*. A magnificent large antelope formerly widespread in bush districts, and still common near Grahamstown. The spirally twisted horns of the male reach a great length—up to 64 inches.

'Land'—Cultivated field.

Loxia—A genus of finch or crossbill. No true Loxia is known from South Africa, but the bird referred to in the text is evidently a weaver-bird, locally known as Vink.

Lory (Loury, Loerie)—A bird belonging to the Musophagidae or Plantain-eaters. These are beautiful forest birds recognised by the strongly crested head, and wings with bright crimson quill feathers.

Lynx—A large carnivorous animal otherwise known as Caracal or Rooi Kat. Colour rufous, with long pointed ears. It is not quite so large as the true lynxes of the northern hemisphere.

Mealies—*Zea mays*. Largely cultivated.

Meisjes (Meisies)—Young girls.

Mimosa—Botanically there are no true mimosas in South Africa. The plants called 'mimosa trees' are species of acacia, of which there are a number of native species.

Mooi—Pretty.

Mashona—A native of Mashonaland.

Nachtmaal (Nagmaal) The Communion service of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Nek—A depression between two hills.

Nemesia—A genus of scrophulariaceous plants widely spread in South Africa. Flowers mostly white, in structure similar to snapdragon.

Nerine—A genus of liliaceous plants. The finest species is found on Table Mountain, and is known as the 'Guernsey Lily' in England.

Oribe (Oribi)—A small antelope confined to eastern part of Cape Colony, Natal and Mozambique. Lives in open country, and is now rare.

Outspan—To unyoke oxen or unharness horses. Also applied to a place at which a halt is made.

Palmitea—Probably Palmiet is meant (*Pronium palmita*), a sedge-like plant with stiff leaves growing in river courses, especially in South-West Cape Colony.

Pan—A lakelet.

Piet-mijn-vrouw—This term is usually applied to the Red-chested Cuckoo, a migrant bird well known from its loud, shrill whistle of three distinct notes. Sometimes also the Noisy Robin Chat is thus named on account of its cry.

Plumbago—*Plumbago capensis*, a native shrub with beautiful pale blue massed flowers, common from Uitenhage to Natal. Frequently cultivated.

Poort—An opening or road between hills or mountains.

Predikant—A minister.

Protea—Proteas are chiefly found in South-West Cape Colony, but some fine ones are found in south-east mountain ranges, and one is common in the Transvaal.

Quagga—So called from its hoarse bark, a species of zebra, at one time abundant in the great plains south of the Vaal River; is now extinct.

Reed-buck—An antelope found in the low country along the South-East Coast, from Komgha to the Zambesi.

Rhebok—Small antelopes of which two species occur. There is the Rooi Rhebok with curved horns, a mountain form found from Cape Colony to Limpopo River; the Vaal Rhebok with straight horns, spread all over Cape Colony, Orange Free State and Transvaal.

Rhenoster—A grey low bush (*Elytropappus rhinocerotis*), growing gregariously in South-West Cape Colony, but extending to Grahamstown on temporarily unused arable land and on overstocked pasturage—a great pest.

Ringhals—*Sepedon haemachates*. A black poisonous snake related to the cobra, reaching about 5 feet in length. The neck is expanded into a hood when the animal is excited. It squirts its poison a considerable distance to blind its victims.

Roodebloem—Literally 'red flower.'

Rooi—Red.

Rooi-bont—Red and white.

Scuffle (Skoffel)—To hoe.

Shangani—Memorial. Erected in honour of Major Wilson's last stand.

Silvertrees—*Leucadendron argenteum*, a proteaceous tree with silvery leaves, only found near Cape Town.

Singsingetjie—A cicada.

Sluit (Sloot)—Ditch or trench.

Span—Team of oxen or donkeys.

Spekboom—A shrub with succulent stems and leaves (*Portulacania afra*), with pale pink massed flowers, brightening in November or December large stretches of arid country.

Sprew (Spreeuw)—Birds belonging to the starling family. Many species occur in South Africa; the Green Spreeuw, a beautiful bird of brilliant plumage, is common in bush districts.

Spruit—Bed of an intermittent stream.

Steinbok—A small and graceful antelope, about 20 inches high, with short, straight, smooth horns in the male—rufous above, white below. Frequents open country throughout South Africa.

Stoep—Verandah of a house.

Stryk—To stretch.

Sugar-bird or Honeysucker—These terms are commonly applied to sun-birds.

Sun-bird—Small birds belonging to the family Nectarinidae, easily recognised by the long slender bill with which they sip the nectar of flowers Many species occur in South Africa. The males are very beautiful, with brilliant green, scarlet, yellow, and blue tints like the humming-birds of South America.

Swellengrabel, Hendrick—Dutch Governor of the Cape from 1739 to 1751.

Trek—A journey by waggon.

Trekker—Nomadic Boer.

Tsessabe (Sasseby)—A large antelope found in Southern Rhodesia and the low country of the Transvaal. Colour dark purplish red. Said to be the swiftest of our antelopes.

Vaal—Grey or drab.

Van Riebeek, Johan—Established a Dutch Settlement at the Cape of Good Hope on behalf of the Dutch East India Company in 1652, and was its Commander for ten years.

Van der Stel, Simon—Commander of the Dutch Settlement at the Cape from 1679 to 1699, and was succeeded by his son Adriaan van der Stel.

Veld—Open country.

Vink—A general term used for many South African birds, especially of the weaver-bird family. Yellow vink. *See* Weaver-bird.

Virginias—Perhaps *Virgilia capensis* is meant; a papilionaceous tree with handsome pink flowers found in the Knysna-Zitzikamma region (locally known as 'Keurboom').

Vley (Vlei)—A depression in the veld usually containing water.

Voorslag—The lash of a whip.

Voorlooper (Voorloper)—Leader; usually applied to one who leads a team of oxen.

Voortrekker—Pioneer. The word is generally used in connection with Boers who, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, emigrated from the Cape Colony and subsequently founded the Republics of Natal, the Orange Free State and Transvaal.

Vrouw -Woman (or wife).

Weaver-bird—There are many species of weaver-birds. They belong to the Ploceidae family. Plumage generally yellow, sometimes mingled with black. They usually live in colonies, suspending their well-woven nests from the branches of trees.

Werf—Farm-yard.

Wild Canary—There are various species of canary in South Africa. General colour—green above, yellow below. The most popular, as a singing bird, is the Cape Canary.

Wistaria—Favourite verandah-creepers, especially *W. sinensis*. All introduced. A native plant (*Bolusanthus speciosus*) in the Northern Transvaal, etc., is known as the Wild Wistaria.

Witteboom –Literally 'white tree'—Silver tree.

Woodland Dove (Wood-dove, Bush-dove, Ring-dove)—There are various kinds of dove in South Africa. Some of them, such as the Cape Turtle Dove and the Laughing Dove, are extremely common in woodland districts.

Yellow-wood—The few species of yellow-woods (Podocarpus) found in South Africa are the giants of our forests, with straight upright stems.

Yoke-skeis—Small wooden shafts that fit into wagon-yokes.

Zeekoe (Seekoei = sea-cow)—Hippopotamus. Formerly very common in all the rivers from the eastern districts of the Cape northwards; a few still remain in the Transvaal.

Zevenzjaartjes—Plants known as 'Everlastings'; species of *Helichrysum* and *Helipterum* (*Compositæ*).

Printed in Great Britain by T. and A. Constable Ltd.
at the University Press, Edinburgh